

OLD BALLADS.

Old Ballads,

FROM

EARLY PRINTED COPIES

OF THE UTMOST RARITY.

Now for the first time collected.

EDITED BY

J. PAYNE COLLIER, ESQ. F.S.A.

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TO THE EDITOR OF THE

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INTRODUCTION.

THE following Ballads are reprinted from the original broadsides, which were published at various dates between the middle of the sixteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth centuries. Nearly all of them are from the only existing copies; and of the few which are not absolutely unique not more than two or three impressions are known.

It was thought that they would be a curious and valuable addition to the published specimens of our early popular literature, and therefore an appropriate commencement to the labours of THE PERCY SOCIETY.

The reader who has devoted attention to relics of this description, will not be surprised to observe

among the contributors to the present volume, such popular ballad-writers as William Elderton, Thomas Churchyard, and Thomas Deloney; but he will peruse with great interest the compositions of men like John Skelton, Richard Tarlton, William Fulwood, and Thomas Preston, now for the first time included among authors of this class; while the names of Stephen Peele, Ralph Norris, and Robert Seall, will be new to our most learned antiquaries.

The Ballads are reprinted precisely as they stand in the old copies, (including the titles and the imprints) with the exception of corrected punctuation. Such illustrative matter as was considered necessary, will be found to precede each separate production.

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SATIRICAL BALLAD ON THE TIMES.

Not only the initials at the end of the following ballad, "Finis J. S.," but internal evidence, assign it to the humorous and severe pen of the celebrated JOHN SKELTON. It is highly curious and amusing as a picture of the times when it was written, but it was not printed until after the death of the author, unless the copy from which our transcript was made (in the Collection of the late Mr. Heber) were itself a re-impression of some earlier edition. W. Copland printed between 1548 and 1561, at least none of the dated productions of his press are earlier or later; it is fair to infer, therefore, that the subsequent undated ballad appeared in the interval. Several temporary allusions, and the ridicule of particular fashions, may serve to ascertain pretty correctly the period when it was composed. It will be observed that towards the close the author changes his measure, and employs at last those short lines which obtained from him the appellation of "Skeltonic verses," and does not even observe the form of stanza with which he had commenced. The complaint, that there are "so few buyers of books," came very naturally from one who was perhaps our first author by profession. It should be mentioned, that in the Register of the Abbey of Missenden (Sloane MSS. No. 747) is a ballad in the same metre as the succeeding, and evidently only a different and briefer version of it. It has no author's name, nor initials appended, and is in a hand-writing of the time of Henry VII. or VIII. It ends thus:

" God save our sovereign lord the kynge,
And all his ryall kepinge,
For so noble a prince reynunge,
Sawe I never."

THE MANER OF THE WORLD NOW A DAYES.

So many poynted caps,
Lased with double flaps,
And so gay felted hats,
Sawe I never.

So many good lessons,
So many good sermons,
And so few devocions,
Sawe I never.

So many gardes worne,
Jagged and al to torne,
And so many falsely forsworne,
Sawe I never.

So few good polycies
In townes and cytyes
For kepinge of blinde hostryes,
Sawe I never.

So many good warkes,
So few wel lerned clarkes,
And so few that goodnes markes,
Sawe I never :

Such pranked cotes and sleves,
So few yonge men that preves,
And such encrease of theves,
Sawe I never.

So many garded hose,
Such cornede shoes,
And so many envious foes,
Sawe I never :

So many questes sytte
 With men of smale wit,
 And so many falsely quitte,
 Sawe I never.

So many gay swordes,
 So many altered wordes,
 And so few covered bordes,
 Sawe I never :

So many empti purses,
 So few good horses,
 And so many curses,
 Sawe I never.

Such bosters and braggers,
 So newe fashyoned daggers,
 And so many beggers,
 Sawe I never :

So many propre knyves,
 So well apparrelled wyves,
 And so yll of theyr lyves,
 Saw I never.

So many cockolde makers,
 So many crakers,
 And so many peace breakers,
 Saw I never :

So much vayne clothing,
 With cultyng and jagging,
 And so much bragginge,
 Saw I never.

So many newes and knackes,
So many naughty packes,
And so many that mony lackes,
Saw I never :

So many maidens with child,
And wylfully begylde,
And so many places untilde,
Sawe I never.

So many women blamed,
And rightuously defaimed,
And so lytle ashamed,
Sawe I never :

Widowes so sone wed
After their husbandes be deade,
Having such hast to bed,
Sawe I never.

So much strivinge
For goodes and for wivinge,
And so lytle thryvyng,
Sawe I never :

So many capacities,
Offices and pluralites,
And chaunging of dignities,
Sawe I never.

So many lawes to use
The truth to refuse,
Such falshead to excuse,
Sawe I never :

Executers havinge the ware,
 Taking so littel care
 Howe the soule doth fare,
 Sawe I never.

Amonge them that are riche
 No frendshyp is to kepe tuche,
 And such fayre glosing speche,
 Sawe I never :

So many pore
 In every bordoure,
 And so small soccoure,
 Saw I never.

So proude and so gaye,
 So riche in araye,
 And so skant of money,
 Saw I never :

So many bowyers,
 So many fletchers,
 And so few good archers,
 Saw I never.

So many chepers,
 So fewe biers,
 And so many borowers,
 Sawe I never :

So many alle sellers,
 In baudy holes and sellers,
 Of yonge folkes yll counsellors,
 Sawe I never.

So many pinkers,
So many thinkers,
And so many good ale drinkers,
Sawe I never :

So many wronges,
So few mery songes,
And so many yll tonges,
Sawe I never.

So many a vacabounde
Through al this londe,
And so many in pryson bonde,
I sawe never :

So many citacions,
So fewe oblacions,
And so many newe facions,
Sawe I never.

So many fleyng tales,
Pickers of purses and males,
And so many sales,
Saw I never :

So much preachinge,
Speaking fayre and teaching,
And so ill belevinge,
Saw I never.

So much wrath and envy,
Covetous and glottony,
And so litle charitie,
Sawe I never :

So many carders,
Revelers and dicers,
And so many yl ticers,
Sawe I never.

So many lollers,
So few true tollers,
So many baudes and pollers,
Sawe I never :
Such treachery,
Simony and usury,
Poverty and lechery,
Saw I never.

So many avayles,
So many geales,
And so many fals baylies,
Sawe I never :
By fals and subtyll wayes
All England decayes,
For more envy and lyers
Sawe I never.

So new facioned jackes,
With brode flappes in the neckes,
And so gay new partlettes,
Sawe I never :
So many slutteshe cookes,
So new facioned tucking hookes,
And so few biers of bookes,
Saw I never.

Sometime we song of myrth and play,
 But now our joy is gone away,
 For so many fal in decay,
 Sawe I never :

Whither is the welth of England gon ?
 The spiritual saith they have none,
 And so many wrongfully undone,
 Saw I never.

It is great pitie that every day
 So many brybors go by the way,
 And so many extorcioners in eche cuntrey,
 Sawe I never.

To the lord I make my mone,
 For thou maist healpe us everichone :
 Alas, the people is so wo begone,
 Worse was it never.

Amendment
 Were convenient,
 But it may not be ;
 We have exiled veritie.
 God is neither dead nor sicke,
 He may amend al yet,
 And trowe ye so in dede,
 As ye beleve ye shal have mede.
 After better I hope ever,
 For worse was it never.

Finis. J. S.

Imprinted at London in Flete Strete at the signe of the Rose
 Garland by W. Copland.

MISRULE AND GOD'S WORD.

THE last stanza of the following ballad carries it back to the reign of Edward VI., when it most likely came from Singleton's press : none of his dated performances are, however, earlier than 1553, and he continued in the trade until 1592. The author, William Keth, was a zealous preacher and reformer, and such of his works as are known were intended to promote and confirm the change in religion, beginning with his ballad called "Tye thy mare Tom boye," which probably was only a "moralization" of an older tune. He translated some of the Psalms, and was a friend to John Knox, and added a version of the 94th Psalm to "the Appellation of John Knox," 1558. Ritson (Bibl. Poet. 262) quotes the title of the ballad inserted below with an important error, in which he is followed by Dr. Dibdin, who does not appear to have seen the original. Hugh Singleton also printed "William Keth his Seeing Glasse," which came out in the time of Queen Mary, while the writer was in exile at Frankfort.

OF MISRULES CONTENDING WITH GODS WORDE BY NAME,
AND THEN OF ONES JUDGMENT THAT HEARD OF THE SAME.

I HEARE saie, that some saie, ther chaused of late
Betwene one mad misrule and godde's word great hate ;
The cause of there out fall (as some saye) is this :
By here, saye I harde it, now marke what it is.

This misrule was moved and madde in his mynde,
That goddes worde with great men such grace shuld
still finde,
Wherby as an outcaste he myght be rejecte :
Thys some say, and here saye to be the effecte.

But douting where all things whyche some saye were
ryght,

Sith some saye by here saye a lye spred be myght,
I sought, and harde some saye they did it beholde,
By whose wordes of credit my doutes were resolved.

But now to my purpose agayne for to come,
This misrule through madnes at last frynds had some,
Of whome he gat comforte, as it maye well seme,
His boldnes well wayed, who would not so deme?

And beyng in favor at laste well was he,
That could unto mysrule from good order flee,
Who lost not ther labor, as some saye, for that,
But were well estemed, and had, I harde what.

That gods worde muche lothing could it not abyde,
But stepped fourth boldly and misrule defied,
Wyshing from misrule all men to refrayne,
As from a thing noysome, to vile and to vayne.

But misrule, that hearyng, beganne for to starte,
Lyke one that were vexed, and that to the harte,
As it well aperethe by his subtil shyft,
Who so well can ponder the truth of his dryft.

He knew well he could not godde's worde well withstond,
To mete him as men do that fyght hand to hand,
But sought his fetch farder, by couler to crave,
And so under couler godde's worde to deprave.

But now, if in conscience speake frely I maye,
In mynde I digresse not from that whyche some saye :
If mysrule mayntayned be, and seke to ascend,
In this casse I doute muche, but marke well the ende.

What regyons to ruyn hath there not bene brought,
Where misrule was chosen, and good rule unsought ;
Weales publick full welthy to nought brought it hath,
For mysrule to myschiefe must nedes be the path.

What caused god's wrath all fleshe to distroye,
Save onely viii parsons with olde father Noye,
But for that this misrule god's worde did deface,
And moved that all men misrule shuld imbrace.

In Sodom and Gomor suche lyke stryffe began
Betwene this madde mysrule and god's worde ; but than,
Could god longe abide it, when he in his fume
With sulphire and brimston mysrule dyd consume ?

His owne Jewish people, as ofte as they ranne
A maddying with mysrule, wyth plages God beganne ;
To lerne us that mysrule he alwayes did hate,
And yet (alas) se you how he plaith chek mate.

By misrule the subjectes be so far past grace,
Theyr heddes and their rulers they know not in place ;
But lyke to beastes brutall, with ungodly strife,
As rebelles resyst wyll with losse of their lyfe.

What law is so strayt made they feare not to breake?
What threat can such tounge stoppe they feare not to
speake?

What doctrine can dryve them to know what they be?
What myschief may move them, that onely they se.

What nede mo examples then this our owne realme,
To teach us that mysrule hath bene so extreame,
In preasinge so proudly to noble welfare,
As some saye so boldly as it were Jack Hare.

And so under couler of spare and beware,
To taunt at god's preachers as muche as they dare,
Sayeng such passe not, by here saye to go,
And preach in ther pulpittes that thus some saye so.

Of some saye and here say this well tell I canne,
That here say and some say the truth now and than,
Of such as both some saye and here saye dysdayne,
Bycause that both here saye and some saye so playne.

But be it that some saye by here say a misse,
And saye not (through here say) the truth as it is,
Doth it therfore folow for that thinge fourth brought,
That al thinges whyche some say therfore shuld be
nought?

If it be unlawfull by here say to wade,
I mervell what Paull ment to use the same trade,
Who speaking by here say belyve did the same,
Which purgeth (as some saye) the rest from all blame.

But god's worde of one thing hath cause to rejoyse,
 For that this sharpe taunting is but mysrule's voyce,
 Who beinge accepted, to muche thus I feare,
 Of ryght shuld leave courtinge, and not remayne there.

But who shall stand douting, when our noble Kynge
 Wyth his faythfull counsaill perceave shall the thinge,
 But that they wyl shortly mysrule so represse,
 That glad shal the good be to se suche redresse.

Finis. Quod Wyllyam Kethe.
 Dominus mihi adiutor.

Imprynted at London in Temestrate by Heugh Syngelton
 dwellynge overgaynst the Stiliardes.

BALTHORP'S BALLAD.

FOR what offence Nicholas Balthorp "suffered in Calais" in 1550 is no where mentioned, and the subsequent ballad contains only an obscure and general hint, where the writer thus accuses himself:

"Thou haste me caused to offende
 In folowing muche thi fleshely wil;
 But, God willing, now I shal amend,
 In token where of I do the kil," &c.

Which might lead us to suppose that he had committed suicide, did not the title of the ballad seem to contradict it. Ritson conjectures, no doubt rightly, that he was the same as Nycholas Baltroppe, who wrote "a ballet of mode," licensed to John Walley and the widow Toy in 1557 (Bibl. Poet. 124), of course after the author's death. The last dated book by Walley is in 1558, and it seems likely that the ensuing broad-side came out very soon after the event to which it refers.

A NEWE BALADE MADE BY NICHOLAS BALTHORP WHICH
SUFFERED IN CALYS THE XV DAIE OF MARCHE M.D.L.

WHEN raging death with extreme paine
Most cruelly assaultes my herte,
And when my fleshe, although in vaine,
Doth feare the felling of that smarte ;
For when the swerde wil stop mi brethe,
Then am I at the poynt of death.

I call to minde the goodnes greate
The father promised to us al,
Howe that his sonne for us should sweat
Water and bloud, and drinke the gal,
And should lose the life he hathe
To pacifie his father's wrathe.

And how we shuld by his sonnes death
Knowe the father's mind and wil,
And to preserve us stil in faith
His commaundementes to fulfil ;
So that, before where we were slaine,
By his bloud we might live againe.

And where in thousand yeres ther were,
Before the comming of this childe,
Mani a man that came farre

For lacke of knowledge was begild ;
As Pharaoe's people, whiche did rebel
Againste Moses, deserving hel.

But when the child had shed his bloud,
He made us free wher we were bande ;
He after was to us so good
To put us in the promised lande,
And brought us from the lake so depe,
Wher he him selfe of us take kepe.

Then saide I streight unto my fleshe,
The vile carkas, why doest thou fret
That of this earthe art made so neshe,
And naught thou art but wormes meat ?
In the have I no delyght,
For al is vexed in sprite.

Thou haste me caused to offende
In folowing muche thi fleshely wil ;
But, God willing, now I shal amend,
In token where of I do the kil,
Because thou woldest not have him forgeve
Thi shameful fauts while thou might live.

Thou didest thi selfe so muche esteme
Thou madest thi spirite the to obeye ;
But thi rewarde is, as I deme,
Streight from the spirit now to decaie ;
And from the world thou shalt now turne,
And be a subjecte to the worme.

As for my spirite, I trust, he shal
Amonge the auncient fathers slepe,
Readie when the Lord doth cal
His heavenlie deitie for to kepe:
This is the chiefe grounde of my faithe,
And ther upon I take my death.

What availeth anie princely power,
Yf God agreeth not them tyl?
For if the Lorde doth apointe the houre,
Thei can not worke against his wil;
So that for me he doth prevente,
For to agre I do consente.

Beare record now, ye Christian al,
That seethe the ende of this mi life,
For helpe to none of you I cal,
But unto God for mercie rife;
But this to you I calle and crye,
Witnes a christian do I die.

Forgeve me al in this worlde wide,
And praie for me whiles I do live:
For do [no] mans sake tarieth the tide,
Therefore I do you al forgeve.
In the Lordes handes I do commend
My spirite, and here I make an ende.

Finis. Qd. Nicholas Balthorpe.

Imprinted at london in Foster lane by Jhon Waley.

EPITAPH UPON EDWARD VI.

THE following anonymous and undated production on the death of Edward VI. was not printed until after the marriage of Philip and Mary, in the second year of the reign of the latter, as the king and queen are expressly prayed for in a sort of postscript. Queen Mary only is mentioned in the body of the epitaph, and we may probably infer that it was written soon after the burial of the subject of it at Westminster, on the 10th of August, 1553.. The author, whoever he might be, very carefully avoids the topic of religion, and adverts to the personal and chivalrous accomplishments of the king, as well as to his known partiality for Greenwich, where he died.

AN EPITAPH UPON THE DEATH OF KYNG EDWARD.

ADEWE pleasure,
Gone is our treasure,
Morning may be our mirth;
For Edward our king,
That rose did spring,
Is vaded and lyeth in earth.

Therefore morne we may
Both night and day,
And in hart we may be full sad:
Sense Brute came in,
Or at any time sence,
The like treasure we never had.

But Death with his darte
Hath pearced the harte
Of that Prince most excellent.

The child new borne
May lament and morne,
And for the death of him repent.

Gone is our joy,
Our sport and our play ;
Our comfort is turned to care :
To Englandes great cost
This jewell we have lost,
That with all Christendom might compare.

Of so noble birth,
The godliest in earth,
Our true king and eyre by right ;
Edward by name,
Borne of queene Jane,
And son to king Henry the eighth.

At the age of sixteene yeres,
As by Chronicles apperes,
In the seventh yere of his raigne,
God toke him away,
Our comfort and joy,
To Englands great dolour and payne.

In his tender age
So grave and so sage,
So well learned and wittie ;
And now that sweete flower
Hath builded his bower
In the earth, the more is the pitie.

The whose losse and lacke
Is to England a wracke,
All faythfull hartes may morne,
To see that swete childe,
So meeke and so milde,
So soone subdued by wormes.

Out of Grenewiche he is gone,
And lieth under a stone,
That loveth both house and parke.
Thou shalt see him no more,
That set by thee such store,
For death hath pearced his harte.

Gone is our king
That could run at the ringe,
And ofttimes ride on Blackheath.
Ye noble men of chevalry,
And ye men of artilerie,
May all lament his death.

That swete childe is deade,
And lapped in leade,
And in Westminster lyeth full colde :
All hartes may rewe,
That ever they him knew,
Or that swete childe did beholde.

Farewell, Diamonde deare,
Farewell, Christall cleare,
Farewell, the flower of chevalry !

The Lorde hath taken him,
And for his peoples sinne,
A just plage for our iniquitie.

But now, ye noble peeres,
Marke well your yeares,
For you do not know your day ;
And this you may be bolde,
Both yonge and olde,
Ye shall die and hence away.

And for our royall kinge,
The noblest livinge,
No longer with us may tarie ;
But his soule we do commende
Unto the Lordes hande,
Who preserve our noble Quene Mary.

Longe with us to endure,
With mirth and pleasure,
To rule her realme aright,
And her enemies to withstande
By sea and by lande :
Lord preserve her both daye and nighte.

God save the Kinge and the Queene.

Imprinted at London in Holburne nere the Condite at the
signe of the Sarsins head by John Charlewood and John Tysdale.

THE SERVING-MAN HUSBAND.

THIS "new merry ballad" has no date; but though it bears the name of Waley, or Walley, as the printer of it, it seems to have been licensed originally to him and the widow Toy, (Dibdin's *Typ. Ant.* III. p. 577,) about the first year of the reign of Elizabeth. Dr. Dibdin gives the entry thus:—"A mayde that wolde mary with a servynge man. Whan raging love," as if "whan raging love" were the first words of it, whereas, that was either a separate production, or the tune to which the ballad was sung. Thomas Emley is not known as the writer of anything but the subsequent ballad, and it is now for the first time re-printed, from a broadside. In Ritson's "*Ancient Songs*," (II. 7, edit. 1829) is a song, called "The Praise of Serving-men;" and at p. 145 of the same volume is, "The Famous Flower of Serving-men;" but the first is more ancient, and the second more modern than the following.

A NEW MERY BALAD OF A MAID THAT WOLD MARY
WYTH A SERVYNG MAN.

Nowe prudentlie to ponder proverbes of olde,
How that seldome or when commeth the better,
Wyth divers other tales as I have herd tolde,
That the nigher the bone, the flesh is much sweter;
Thus a lover of late sente me his letter;
Therefore let al my friendes saye what they can,
I wyl have to my husbande a serving man.

The sight of serving men doth my herte good
When I them beholde, and wot ye well why?

Bicause they be lustie and ful of yonge bloude,
Stronge and nymble, and very quicke of eye,
Clene, brave in apparel, and made properlye ;
Wherfore let father and mother saye what they can,
I wyl have to my husband a serving man.

My father and mother geveth me exhortacion,
That if ever their good wylles I wyl have,
To take a man of some good occupacion,
Or els some ryche farmoures sonne, substaunce to
save.

Thus upon me dayly they do crave,
But let them bothe saye what they can,
I wyl have to my husbande a serving man.

Serving men that be gentle and wyce,
Can lacke no service, nor livyng at all,
Though one of an hundred suche be geven to vyce,
Shuld the residue of them be hated all ?
No, by saint Marie ; come of it what shall,
And let my friendes do and say what they can,
I wyl have to my husbande a serving man.

Servyng men honeste are greatly commended
Of Lordes and Ladies, and of gentelmen fyne ;
Though loutes with serving men be offended,
Yet wyl not I from their company declyne,
For I trust and hope one of them to be myne ;
Let my friends do and saye what they can,
I wyl have to my husband a servyng man.

Serving men ever be jocunde and mery,
 Whether they have litle or much in their purse,
 And of good companie they are never wearie,
 And a woman they love as a childe dothe the nurse ;
 One serving man I knowe that loveth me no worse ;
 Wherefore let all my friendes saye what they can,
 I wyl have to my husbände a servinge man.

Serving men finelie can colly and kysse,
 Serving men featlie can maidens imbrace,
 Fewe suche serving men of their purpose can mysse,
 Bicause of audacite, beautie or grace,
 And in some of them all three taketh place ;
 Wherefore let my friendes saye what they can,
 I wyl have the swete, loving, kynde serving man.

Oh Lorde, how the herte in my bealie doth hoppe,
 When I here that serving men be come to towne ;
 Streight some resortes to my mistres shoppe,
 There merelie talking, by me sitting downe ;
 Of lovers fame they maye well weare the crowne ;
 Wherefore let all the worlde saie what they can,
 I wyl have to my husband a servinge man.

What yonge men eyther in towne or citie
 With them in daliaunce maie compare ?
 In entertainment they be excellent wittie,
 God geve them longe lyfe and well to fare ;
 Thoughe my chaunce be to live in carpe and care,
 As my friendes saye, yet if that I can,
 I wyl have to my husband a serving man.

Shulde I marie with a boye, a loute, or a slymme,
A dawcocke, an asse, a toyle or a jacke,
That wyl not let me go tricke nor trimme,
Nor yet he hym selfe, but lyke one in a sacke, [lacke ?
And that with al mirth and solace wyl grudge and find
I wyl no such dranes ; say my friendes what they can,
But I wyl marrie with the merie good serving man.

A man is manlie, and to a woman comfortable,
But a churle or a nygarde is to women greate wooe ;
A serving man, beinge grome or but page in the stable,
With meate to his maisters owne borde maye go,
When ten times his betters may not do so,
And manie times be thrieffie ; to prove this I can,
Wherfore shuld I not marie with a serving man ?

Some men growe ryche, although they do spend,
And some men waxe pore, thoughe they do spare ;
Then why may not a serving man to riches assend,
As well in their myrthe as some with their care ?
The world now a daies goth round and square,
Wherfore I wyl do the best that I can,
To have to my husbande a servynge man.

My mistres liveth a merye lyfe
As most women doth for her degree,
Although a serving man hath her to wyfe,
And whie may not I do so as well as she ?
No men on earth do better please me ;
Ryche or unriche, saye all what you can,
I wyl have to my husbande a servynge man.

And tyll that daye douteles be come and gone,
That I quickly be married to my true love,
My fleshe wyll pine awaye even to the bone,
Bicause my herte from hym wyll not remove.
Fare well, swete serving men, by God above ;
And for my sake all you that tippie pot or canne,
Drynke freely to the merie good serving man.

Finis. Quod Thomas Emley.

Imprinted at London in foster lane, by Jhon Waley.

THE PANGS AND FITS OF LOVE.

HERBERT (as quoted in Dibdin's Typ. Ant., III. 583) mentions the license of a ballad to Richard Lant, under the title of "The Pangs of Love," but until very recently it was not known to have been published. It is precisely in the same measure, and with the same burden, as a song in the interlude of "The Trial of Treasure," (Hist. of Dramatic Poetry, and the Stage, II. 331) which was printed in 1567, while what follows came from the press of Lant in 1559, eleven years later than any dated performance by him yet discovered. The initials, W. E., at the end, are doubtless those of the celebrated William Elderton; and making allowances for misprints and clerical errors, (such as *Priamus* for *Piramus*, in the fifth stanza, &c.) it is a very favourable specimen of his skill as a poet.

THE PANGES OF LOVE AND LOVERS FITTES.

Was not good kyng Salamon
Ravished in sondry wyse,
With every livelie Paragon
That glistered before his eyes?

If this be true, as trewe it was,
Lady ! lady !
Why should not I serve you, alas,
My deare lady?

When Paris was enamoured
With Helena, dame bewties peare,
Whom Venus first him promised
To ventor on, and not to feare,
What sturdy stormes endured he
Lady ! lady !
To winne her love, or it would be,
My deare ladye.

Knowe ye not, how Troylus
Lanquished and lost his joye,
With fittes and fevers mervailous
For Cresseda that dwelt in Troye ;
Tyll pytie planted in her brest,
Ladie ! ladie !
To slepe with him, and graunt him rest,
My deare ladie.

I read sometime howe venterous
Leander was his love to please,
Who swomme the waters perillous
Of Abidon, those surginge sease,
To come to her where as she lay,
Ladie ! ladie !
Tyll he was drowned by the waye,
My deare ladie.

What say you then to Priamus,
That promised his love to mete,
And founde by fortune merveilous
A bloudie clothe before his feete ?
For Tysbies sake hym selfe he slewe,
Ladie ! ladie !
To prove that he was a lover trewe,
My deare ladie.

When Hercules for Eronie
Murdered a monster fell,
He put him selfe in jeopardy
Perillous, as the stories tell,
Reskewinge her upon the shore,
Ladie ! ladie !
Which els by lot had died therfore,
My deare ladie.

Anaxeretes bewtifull,
When Iphis did beholde and see,
With sighes and sobbinges pitifull,
That Paragon longe wooed he ;
And when he could not wyne her so,
Ladye ! ladye !
He went and honge him selfe for woe,
My deare ladye.

Besides these matters merveilous,
Good lady, yet I can tell the more;
The Gods have ben full amorous,
As Jupiter by learned lore,

Who changed his shape, as fame hath spred,
 Lady ! ladye !
 To come to Alcumenaes bed,
 My deare ladye.

And if bewtie bred such blisfulnesse,
 Enamouring both God and man,
 Good lady, let no wilfulnesse,
 Exuperate your bewtie, then,
 To slaye the hertes, that yeld and crave,
 Ladye ! ladye !
 The graunt of your good wil to have,
 My deare ladye.

Finis. Qd. W. E.

Imprinted at London in Smithfeld in the Parish of Saynt
 Bartholomewes Hospitall by
 Richard Lant.
 An. Dni. M.D. lix. xxij. Mar.

THE ASSAULT OF GOD'S FORT.

THIS highly interesting ballad, which celebrates, under the form of an allegory, many of the early Reformers and their enemies, was no doubt written by John Awdeley, the printer, and his initials are at the end of it. He was the writer and printer of "an Epitaph upon Mayster John Viron, Preacher," which was licensed to him in 1562, as well as of a poem dated 30th April 1569, beginning, "Remember death, and thou shalt never sinne," sub-

scribed, John Awd. The subject and treatment of what follows fixes its date quite early in the reign of Elizabeth, perhaps in 1559 or 1560. Among other persons mentioned in it is John Avale, perhaps related to Lemeke Avale who in 1569 wrote and published "A Commemoration or Dirige of Bastarde Edmonde Boner, alias Savage, usurped Bishoppe of London," of which an account is given in the Bridgewater Catalogue, p. 14. John Avale, or Availe, is introduced into it in company with Miles Huggarde.

THE CRUEL ASSAULT OF GODS FORT.

By Edward the sixt, of England kyng,
A fort was made gods truth to shield ;
In whose lyfe time, by good rulyng,
Both friend and foe to it dyd yelde.

But when, for synne of his owne flocke,
The Lord in wrath tooke him away,
Leaving the fort to his next stocke,
The enmies then sought out theyr pray.

Then blew up trumpets of Papists sounde
Souldiers to call, and wages gave :
Come who so would was armed rounde ;
None they refusde, but drest them brave.

The field was pitcht of Papists part,
With corned caps, tippets and gownes :
Theyr ordnaunce lay redy in cart
To beat the fort of Gods truth downe.

The generall Gardner, brave and stout,
And captain Boner marcht foorth amain;
Bourne with standard cryed out
Al arme, al arme! our shavlinges traine.

The auncient which that Bourne bare
Were fierce wolves teeth with blood besprent;
Fire and fagot, whych did declare
Their ravenous hartes to Christians ment.

Then doctour Martin, as clarke of armye,
With doctour Story, the master gonner,
These two in office were as trusty
As Gardner, Bourne, or byshop Bonner.

A cry was made throughout the host,
With fire and hempe all to destroy,
Where ever they were in al the cost,
That dyd the Popes power seke to noye.

The fort thus sieged on every syde
With cry so fierce to kyll them all:
A sorte for feare durst not abide,
But from Gods fort to them dyd fall.

Then might ye heare the canons rore,
Which Bourne and Watson falsely shot:
Yelde! yeld! these cryde, from hereticks lore,
Or batter we shal both wall and fort.

No, no ! (quoth they within the fort)
 We yelde us not Gods truth to stayne :
 Though you destroy us in this sort,
 God shal our fort wyth force maintayne.

Wyth that they all the fort wythin
 Wyth sighes and sobs to God out cryde,
 Thou Lord of hostes, way not our synne,
 But ayde thy flocke so wo betyde.

For though with sinne we causde this day
 That our good king thou shouldst thus take,
 Yet, Lord, with bitterness of soule we pray,
 Strength us against this firye lake.

This done, they blowde a cheerful blast
 Unto the souldiers in the fort.
 Arme ye ! arme ye ! in all the hast,
 Our enmies now to fort resort.

The auncient which was spred on wall,
 Had a white lambe with red spots thicke,
 And in gold letters were these wordes all,
 Why do ye, Sauls, against me kicke ?

Forth came Rogers, Hooper and Sanders
 Upon the walles the forte to fende ;
 We yelde not (said they) to such destroyers,
 But fight we will unto the ende.

To these Steven Gardner gave onset,
And layde on lode as wolfe on pray :
He tooke them prisoners with his false net,
And sent them to the fire straightway.

Then Story, the maister of the shot,
On Papists rampire brave and proude,
For spilling bloud he cared not,
Assault ! assault ! he cryde aloude.

These were no sooner of the wall,
But up lept Rydley and Latymer,
To rescue God's fort so nere to fall,
And ded with force the foes encounter.

And bishop Cranmer, though with gyle
The enmies stole him from the fort,
Yet boldly fought with them a whyle,
And folowed his mates in lyke sort.

Then doctour Weston at these out shot
The pellets of Rome, and them did mayme,
So that away they passed not,
But were destroyed with fire and flame.

But Bradford then on the wall up lept,
And Philpot eke by him did stand ;
Cardmaker and Taylour also up crept,
And these by truth dyd noy theyr band

Bishop Boner on these laide hand,
And to Smithfield sent them in hast ;
But to the death these did withstand,
And would not yeld to enmies blast.

Then blewe the Papists to assault,
And set a watch about the fort,
Of knights and yemen to finde some fault
To make them yelde after this sort.

And sworn men in every cost
They did compell to watch and spye ;
If any did resist their host,
They must present them for to dye.

The fort with enmies laid round about,
And al the captaines so cruelly slaine,
The soldiours therof with courage stout
Kept yet the walles with might and maine.

Now scale the walles, (quoth Boner then)
Behold, the captaines we have slaine :
Ransack the fort, destroy all men,
Both wemen and children, let none remaine.

Then scaling lathers were up rearde,
And John Avales on them with targe ;
His knees had crosses, because he fearde
The steps wold breake and hang him large.

Up came Beard, by Vales his man,
Armed al round as dronkardes use ;
His head was closde with good ale can,
And in his hand a taverners cruse.

But they in fort did with them play,
And cast them bribes which made them yelde ;
They, striving who should have the pray,
Fought one with other in their owne field.

Yet battred was this fort full sore
With vehement shot on Papists part :
The walles they bet styl more and more,
But yet the fortmen would not start.

Then pushed the Papists with their pikes,
The hargabusses shot out amayne,
And dyms the ayre, and many strikes
Of them that did the fort sustayne.

The holberts and the bowmen eke,
Came preasing toward the fort with spede :
These were the rakehels that did seke
To have mens goodes playde Cains dede.

There might you see the fort about
Great streames of bloode and bodies slayne ;
The handes of al the host throughout
With blood of Saints they did them staine.

In this assault the infants out cryde,
And eke their mothers as wydowes left,
To see theyr friendes before them dyde,
And al their goodes from them bereft.

Though thus the fort was almost gone
By cruel assault of enmies bolde,
Yet some within the fort alone
To God did crye, Lord keepe thy holde !

Then God did send his slave Death down
Into the Papists host among,
Which slew the chiefest in all the towne,
And greatest captaines in the throng.

By thys great stroke of mightie Jove
The vehement force of Papists fell,
And sent this fort (which is hys love)
A godly captaine to keepe it well.

Which when in fort she did appere,
A flag of truce spred in her hand,
Aloud she cried, Cease now your yre,
And yelde to me, right heyre of England.

Then scattred were the Papists host,
Their flags of fire to ground did fall,
Their flaming brandes, which oft they tost,
Were clene out quentch at our Quenes call.

Crye then was made to God on hye
Of al the souldiours in the fort ;
Oh praise the Lorde for victorie,
In helping us after this sort !

Now yelde (they cried) our brethren dere,
Which have against Gods truth so stoode ;
Beholde our Quene doth profer here
To graunt ye peace to chaunge your moode.

Which, if her clemencie you refuse,
And pleade not for your lives graunt,
The law of armes she must nedes use
On such as are to her repugnaunt.

Yelde, yelde, therefore : ye chiefe captaines,
Example geve to al your host,
Or els wyll God revenge with paines
The bloud of those whom ye have rost.

And all ye Christians of this England,
Your trumpets sound to Gods hie praise :
On Gods head set a bay garland,
For your triumphe of all these fraies.

Yeld now your lives after such sort
As God may not this fort so plage ;
Strength now your selves in this Gods fort,
That ye yelde no more to enmies rage.

So God will spare us our Quene long,
 So God will make our land encrease;
 So God wyl builde our fort so strong,
 That no enmies dare to it prease.

To this say al right Christen men,
 God save our Quene! Amen. Amen.

Τελως. Qd. J. A.

Imprinted at London by John Awdeley, dwelling by great
 S. Bartelmewes beyonde Aldersgate.

HOW TO WIVE WELL.

THE existence of this ballad has been long known, as it is mentioned by Herbert, Ritson, &c.; but it has never been reprinted, no authority mentioning where it was to be found. It is preserved in the library of the Antiquarian Society, as well as "the Second Poesye of Horace," by the same author, who also translated the first Satire of Horace. Owen Rogers had a license to print "A new yeres gyfte made by Lewes Evans," in 1561, and to about that date may be assigned the following humorous and satirical production. Lewis Evans calls himself "school-master," but we are without any other particulars regarding him.

A NEW BALET ENTITULED HOWE TO WYVE WELL.

WHER wyving some mislike,
 And women muche dysplease,
 The women frowarde be,
 And fewe men cane them please.

And thoughe the married life
The wyse muste nedes comende,
Yet chifeste carke and care
Doth therin full depende.

For though thye lusting eyes
Thou fedeste with plaesant sighte,
And from thy hart do nothing kepe
Whiche maye gyve it delyght ;

And thoughe thou treasure have,
Reputed with the beste,
Yet yf thou have a frowarde wyf,
Then what prevaelith the reste ?

And syth unto a shrowe
None yll comparde maye be,
Then make no hast, lest after wast,
But faythfull loke she bee.

One Erupis philosopher
Doth tell us dangers sore,
Which be in seas, and eke one earth,
But none then women more :

For yf she frowarde be,
As moste doe growe from kynde,
That thee delights shall her displease,
Such is her frowarde mynde.

Thy woes dothe her rejoies,
 Thy sorwes joeth her harte :
 When fortune frowne, that then will cause
 Her from thee to departe.

In thee delitghts she not,
 Thy presence maketh her lowere ;
 When thou gevest her thy homcom kis,
 Her countenance then is sowre.

That whiche doth thee myslyke
 To her it doeth contente ;
 And things to go agenste thy will
 Full frowarde is she bente.

The frutefulnes of her
 Is scowlding daye and nyghte,
 And when thou angerste her,
 Then with thy bratts she fights.

Yf sickenes, sores, or paynes
 Doe happe thee to oppresse,
 She coursing spend the tedyous nyght,
 Prayng deth it to redresse.

Then wyll she send thy slave
 To helpe to holde thy hedde,
 When that full carles she
 Will (after meate) to bedde.

But when she heres thee deade,
She shifteth thee to grave ;
Thee bringes one byre to churche
Thy silye symple slave.

And for she cane not weepe,
With clothe she hydes her face,
And shakes her head as thoughe
She weepthe forsuthe a pace.

The wanting of due tears,
That ought her eyes fall fro,
And fained wringing of her hands
Shewe furth no inwarde wo.

No joye cane her but gladde,
All myrth she dothe pretende,
And wisheth straight that in thi stede
God wolde anothere sende.

Wher is ther suche a foe
In other kynde of lyf?
No foe mai doutelesse be comparde
Unto the wicked wyf.

And though somes hape have bin
Full faythfull wyves to finde,
Yet let the bade styll bere the blame,
That so growe out of kynd.

At this good wyves have no disden,
For them it doth comende ;
The worsere sort must be content,
[T]herfore, you shrowse, amende.

You maydens al, that wives do mind
In time to come to be,
Endever your selfe that eche of you
A faythfull wyfe maye be.

Finis. Quod Lewys Evans.

Imprinted at London by Owen Rogers at the spread Egle
betwyxte both the Saynct Bartholomews.

SERVICES AND DEATH OF STRANGWIGE.

WILLIAM Birch, the author of the subsequent ballad, on the life, services, and death of Strangwige, also wrote "A Song betwene the Quenes Majestie and England," printed by William Pickering, without date. Ritson only introduces Birch when speaking of the productions of Elderton, upon one of which he composed a puritanical parody. (Bibl. Poet. 196.) It appears that the hero of what follows, after having led a most irregular and ungoverned life, turned pirate, and being condemned and pardoned, vowed afterwards to spend his life in the Queen's service ; and putting to sea, attacked a French port, where he received his death-wound. He seems to have been of "mean estate" and of "base birth," though of "worshipful kin." Alexander Lacy, from whose press what follows came, was a printer in the beginning of the reign of Elizabeth, and had a license to publish Birch's puritanical parody above-mentioned, in 1562. The date of what follows was probably somewhat later, as Strangwige seems to have been engaged in the hostilities against France which were carried on through the summer of 1563.

A NEW BALADE OF THE WORTHY SERVICE OF LATE
DOEN BY MAISTER STRANGWIGE IN FRAUNCE,
AND OF HIS DEATH.

ENGLAND hath lost a soldiour of late,
Who Strangwige was to name:
Although he was of meane estate,
His deedes deserved fame.

For as the plowman plowes the ground,
And toyleth to til for corne,
So Strangwige sought a deadly wound
For Brittain, where he was borne.

In deede of birth he was borne bace,
Although of worshipful kyn:
In youth he sought to runne the race
Where he might prowes wyn.

In his yong yeares he walked wyde,
And wandred oft a stray:
For why blynd Cupid did him guyde,
To walke that wyldsomen way.

Thus here and there, I wot not where,
He sounded where to ryde,
But happy haven he found no where,
Nor harbour for to abyde.

But when he had the course out run
Where pyrates prict the carde,
Twyse at the least he thought undone,
And looked for his rewarde.

For by legall lawes he was condemd,
Yet mercy bare the mace,
And in respect he wold amend,
He found a princes grace.

And in that state he vowed to God,
And to his righteous queene,
He wold nomore deserve such rod,
Nor at justice barre be scene.

He thus contented for a whyle,
And laughed fortune to scorne,
Tyl weeds did worke by subtil guyle
To overgrow the corne.

And then occasion served just
That martiall men must trudge :
He vaunced himselfe with valiaunt lust ;
To go he did not grudge.

And to the sea he sought a charge
Where he might take his chaunce,
And therewith spred his sayles at large
To seke a porte in Fraunce.

And passed by a warlyke towne
Where municion lay a land :
He spoyld and cut their chaynes a down,
And passed by strong hand.

Where as he caught a deadly wound,
Yet his courage never quayled,
But as he had ben safe and sound,
On his way forth he sayled.

And passed through even to that porte
Where he vowed to aryve ;
And still he did his men coumfort,
And courage did them geve.

Then Atropos did him assayle,
That al Adams kynd doth call ;
Against whose force may none prevayle,
But subject to him all.

This life (qd. he) which was me lent
From judgment seat, in perrill
I came with heart to that entent
To spende in my queenes quarell.

Therefore this debt here wil I pay,
This life which is not mine.
O Lord, receyve my spirit to joy,
That by Christes death is thine.

All subjects now loke and foresee,
 That to trade the warres pretend :
 Offendours eke (if any there bee)
 Make ye no worse an end.

Finis. W. Birch.

Imprinted at London by Alexander Lacy for William Owen and
 are to be sold at the little shop at the north dore of Poules.

THE LAMENTATION OF FOLLY.

THERE is nothing about the ensuing production to enable us to fix its date with any accuracy. It is of a serious and religious cast, written when the author, William Elderton, (whose initials are at the end) was in a graver mood than at the time he produced his "jestes and mery toyes," which were licensed to Hugh Singleton in 1561. We have therefore placed it later in the present series of ballads, and John Alde, the printer of it, has no dated work earlier than 1561. "The Lamentation of Folly" is no where mentioned, and only a single copy has yet been discovered. Elderton was dead when Tho. Nash wrote his "Strange Newes," which bears the date of 1592. Vide Sign. D 4. Several of the rarest of Elderton's pieces are printed in the last volume of the Harleian Miscellany, Edit. Park.

THE LAMENTATION OF FOLLIE:

TO THE TUNE OF NEW ROGERO.

ALAS, what meaneth man
 With care and greedy paine
 To wrest to win a worldly fame
 Which is but vile and vaine?

As though he had no cause to doubt
The drift of his desire,
Not pleased though he rule the route,
But still to covet higher.

And wander after will,
Farre passing his degree,
Not so contented still,
But a king himselfe to be.
Subverting law and right,
Detecting triall true,
Wringing every wight,
That all the realme dooth rue.

Whose deed and ill desart,
Compact and false consent,
I thinke no Christen heart
Can choose but needs lament.
Alas, it seemed strange
Such thraldome in a realme
Which wealthie was to wast away
By will that was extreame.

Such vertue was profest,
Most famous frank and free,
Yet men transposed cleane,
More vile and worse to be.
And such as did pretend
To shew themselfe most holie,
Have swarved in the end,
And fawned after follie.

Whose wordes so disagree,
 As waters come and go:
 Their livings be contrary,
 That should examples shewe;
 And fawning after fame
 Pursue their owne decay,
 As though there were no God
 To call their life away.

What surety is in man,
 What truth or trust at all,
 Which frameth what he can
 To worke unworthy thrall?
 Oppression hath beene free,
 The poore alas be spoyled,
 Maides and wives be ravished,
 The simple are beguiled.

Lawe is made a libertie,
 And right is overthrowne;
 Faith is but a foolish thing,
 Falsehood is alone.
 Pride is counted clenlinesse,
 And theft is but a slight,
 Whoredome is but wantonnesse,
 And waste is but delight.

Spoiling is but pleasure,
 Riot is but youth,
 Slaunder is a laughing game,
 And lying counted trueth.

Mariage is but mockage,
The children counted base :
Thus right is wronged every way
In our accursed case.

Flatterie is the forte of fame,
And trueth is troden downe ;
The innocent do beare the blame,
The wicked winne renowne.
Thus Sathan hath prevailed long,
And we for want of grace
Have troden vertue under foote,
And vice hath taken place.

But God that is most righteous
Hath seene our fatall fall,
And spread his mercie over us
To shield us from the thrall :
Whose mercy is so infinite
To such as were oppressed,
He hath restored them to right,
And hath their care redressed.

And though that our unworthinesse
Hath not deserved so ;
Now let us cease our wickednesse,
And graft where grace may grow.
And let us pray for our defence,
Our worthy queene elect,
That God may worke his will in her
Our thraldome to correct.

That God be chiefly served so,
 As dooth to him belong ;
 That right may have his course againe,
 And vanquish wicked wrong ;
 That we may live in feare and awe,
 And truly so intend,
 And have the justice of the lawe
 Our causes to defend.

That truth may take his wonted place,
 And faith be fast againe,
 And then repent and call for grace
 That wrought our care and paine ;
 That God send us a short redresse
 With wealth and great increase,
 And to our Queene to reigne and rule
 In honour, health and peace.

Finis. W. E.

Imprinted at London by Edward Allde.

AGAINST FILTHY WRITING.

THOMAS BRICE, the author of the following invective, was a preacher, who died before 1570, in which year John Allde had a license to print an epitaph upon him. Three years earlier, H. Bynneman had a license to print "Songes and Sonnettes by Thos. Bryce," (Ritson, Bibl. Poet. 144) but they were probably not like the "Songs and Sonnets" of the Earl of Surrey, &c., but pious poems, and in 1567 Hugh Singleton was authorized to publish

“The Court of Venus moralized by Thos. Bryce.” One work by him has survived, viz. “A Register in meter, containing the names and patient sufferings” of the martyrs in the time of Queen Mary, which was twice printed,—in 1559, by John Kingston, and again by the same printer without date. The subsequent effusion should seem to have been part of a literary contest, for the author refers to what he had formerly written against some unnamed antagonists, and in the last line notices the challenges which he had received. It is nowhere enumerated among the productions of the press of John Alde, and appears to have been unknown to all our literary antiquaries.

AGAINST FILTHY WRITING, AND SUCH LIKE
DELIGHTING.

WHAT meane the rimes that run thus large in every
shop to sell,

With wanton sound and filthie sense? me thinke it
grees not well.

We are not Ethnickes, we forsoth, at least professe
not so ;

Why range we then to Ethnickes trade? come back,
where wil ye go?

Tel me, is Christ or Cupide Lord? doth God or Venus
reigne?

And whose are wee? whom ought wee serve? I aske
it; answeare plaine :

If wanton Venus, then go forth ; if Cupide, keep your
trade ;

If God or Christ, come bak the best, or sure you will
be made.

Doth God, is he the Lord in deed, and should we
him obey?

Then his commaundement ought to guide all that we
doo or say.

But shew me his commaundement, then, thou filthy
writer thou;

Let seet, I cease; if not, geve place, or shamles shew
thee now.

We are no foes to musicke wee, a mis your man doth
take us,

So frendes to thinges corrupt and vile you all shall
never make us.

If you denie them such to bee, I stand to prove it I;

If you confesse, (defend them not) why then do you
reply?

But such they bee, I will mainteine, which yet you
bothe defend,

And judge them fooles that them mislike; would God
you might amend!

But substance onely I regarde, let accidencis go:

Both you and wee, bee that wee bee, I therefore leave
it so.

And yet I wishe your tearmes in deed upon some
reason stayd;

If mine be not, reprove them right, Ile blot that I have
sayd,

And that I wrote, or now doo wrighte, against you as
may seeme,
What cause I had, and have, I yelde to modest men to
deeme.

I wishe you well, I doo protest, (as God will, I will so)
I cannot helpe as frend ye wot, nor will not hurt as fo ;
But for the vile corrupting rimes which you confesse
to wrighte,
My soule and hart abhorres their sence, as far from my
delight.

And those that use them for their glee, as you doo
vaunte ye will,
I tell you plainly what I think ; I judge them to bee ill.
This boasting late in part hath causd mee now to say
my minde,
Though chalenges of yours also in every place I finde.

Thomas Brice.

Imprinted at London by John Alde for Edmond Halley and are to
be solde in Lumbard strete at the signe of the Egle.

A WARNING TO LONDON DAMES.

It may be matter of conjecture whether Stephen Peell, the author
of the following, and of another ballad in this collection, were
not father to the distinguished poet George Peele. The Rev.
Mr. Dyce was probably not acquainted with the existence of
any such writer as Stephen Peell : if he knew nothing of him,

we need not be surprised at the silence of all our other writers upon old poets and poetry. It is impossible to assign a date to this "Warning to all London Dames," but it may be given to an early year in the reign of Elizabeth, and another production by the same author (vide p. 65) clearly belongs to 1570. Stephen Peell writes like a practised versifier, and in what follows there are several pretty passages.

A PROPER NEW BALADE EXPRESSYNG THE FAMES
CONCERNING A WARNING TO ALL LONDON DAMES.

TO THE TUNE OF THE BLACKE ALMAINE.

You London dames whose passing fames
Through all the worlde is spread,
In to the skye ascendyng hye,
To every place is fled ;
For through each land and place,
For beauties kyndely grace,
You are renowned over all,
You have the prayse and ever shall.
What wight on earth that can beholde
More dearer and fayrer dames then you ?
Therefore to extoll you I may be bolde,
Your faces and graces so gay to view.

For vertues lore, and other thinges more,
Of truth you do excell :
I may well gesse for comelynesse,
Of all you beare the bell.
As trim in your arraye
As be the flowres in Maye ;
With roset hew so bravely dight,
As twinkling starres that shyneth by night.

For curtesye in every parte,
Not many nor any resemble you can,
In lady natures comely arte,
So gravely and bravely to every man.

And oft when you goe, fayre dames, on a rowe
In to the feeldes so greene,
You sit and vewe the beautifull hewe
Of flowres that there be scene ;
Which lady Flora hath
So garnyshed in each path,
With all the pleasures that may be
(Fayre dames) are there to pleasure ye ;
Tyl frost doth come and nip the top,
And lop them and crop them, not one to be scene
So when that death doth hap to your lot,
Consider and gather what beauty hath beene.

For as the flowre doth change in an houre
That was so fayre to see ;
Consyder and gather, (fayre dames) the wether
May change as well with yee,
And turne your joyes as soone
As frost the flowres hath doone.
So sudden death may change as well
Your beauties that now doth excell,
And turne your sweetes to bitter and sowre ;
When death with his breath comes stealing neare,
Such haps may hap to come in an houre,
Which ever or never you little dyd feare.

Wherefore I say, fayre dames so gay,
 That death is busyest now
 To catch you hence, where no defence
 May make him once to bow.
 Experience well doth try,
 You see it with your eye,
 How quickly some are taken hence,
 Not youthfull years may make defence :
 And strange diseases many are scene
 Encreasyng and preasyng to vexe us each day ;
 But sure the lyke hath ever beene,
 May hove you and move you to God to pray.

And learne to know, as grasse doth grow
 And withereth into haye,
 Remember therfore, kepe vertue in store,
 For so you shall decaye.
 And pitie on the poore,
 With some parte of your store :
 Loke that your lampes may ready bee ;
 The dreadfull day approacheth nye,
 When Christ shal come to judge our deeds.
 No fairnes nor clerenes can helpe you than
 The corne to separte from the weeds,
 Fayre dames when cometh the day of dome.

Now that I have sayd, let it be wayed,
 It is no jesting toye ;
 Not all your treasure can you pleasure,
 It is but fadyng joye :

Therefore remember me
 What I have sayd to yee.
 And thus the Lorde preserve the Queene,
 Long space with us to live and raigne :
 As we are all bound incessantlie
 To desyre with prayr both night and day,
 God to preserve her majestie,
 Amen, let all her good subjects say.

Finis. Quoth Steven Peell.

Imprinted at S. Katherins by Alexander Lacie for Henrye
 Kyrkham, dwellyng at the middle North dore
 of S. Paules church.

A SUPPLICATION TO ELDERTON.

It is not easy to give any explanation of the circumstances out of which the subsequent ballad arose. Its curiosity and value depend much upon its personal allusions. We gather from it that Leach was a manufacturer of hose, with whom Elderton had had some literary skirmish, or "flyting," as our neighbours north of the Tweed term it; and William Fulwood, who was a writer as early as 1562, (Ritson, Bibl. Poet. 213) seems to have interfered "more to embroil the fray," by ironically taking part with the less notorious combatant. In 1561 and 1562 John Allde had a license to print "An Admonition to Elderton to leave the toyes by hym begonne," but from the allusion made to Elderton's red nose in the following effusion, it may be supposed that it was of somewhat later date. It was perhaps one of the "great many ballads" which Dr. Dibdin informs us John Allde printed, the names of none of which he furnishes.

A SUPPLICATION TO ELDERTONNE FOR LEACHE'S UNLEWDNES,
DESIRING HIM TO PARDONE HIS MANIFEST UNRUDENES.

Good gentle maister Eldertonne,
May I not you intreate,
To pardon Leache that he hath donne,
And not with him to frete ?

For I confesse, and know the same,
It was for lack of lewdnes,
That he so blasde abroad your name ;
Therefore forgive his rudenes.

For you may see he is in deed
An unrude simple man ;
Therefore of him take you no heed,
Sithe nurture none he can.

A seely simple man hee is,
As prooff may well be made,
For no more wit he hath, ywis,
But to call a spade a spade.

Therefore, though that your filthy rymes
He filthy name to bee,
Accuse him not, I say, of crimes ;
You heare his qualitie.

It was, no doubt, unhomely done
To chalenge in such case
So fyne a fellow as Eldertonne,
That hath so fayre a face.

But though your face be never so riche,
So precious or so gay,
Yet wil he scratche it if it itche,
The paines for to delay.

Wherefore you ought him thankes to geve
That worketh you such good,
And not to shake him by the sleeve,
To wreke your angry moode.

I may well, must, and mervel much
What might be your intent,
Seth that you prove your selfe one such
As truth cannot content.

You showe that Leache you doo contemne,
Even by the self same reed
Wherein you do your self condemne :
I wishe you wolde take heed.

You binde it up with othes inow,
In faith, in faith, say yee ;
But by such frutes a man may know
The goodness of the tree.

A shame it is that you should bring
The example of Christ, I say,
And eke forthwith the self-same thing
So sore to disobey.

For with the breach of charitie
You doo him sharply charge,
And by and by outrageously
You raile on him at large.

Thus Sathan also for his turne
The scriptures can out-pike;
And as you well his lesson learne,
So are your deedes a like.

You[r] harte is vaine and bent to evill,
Your tounge also is naught;
How can it be then but the devill
Must rule both tounge and thought?

But hereby men may easely spie
How you doo Leache abuse,
Seth that your quarrell for to trie,
By scripture you refuse.

Therefore you go about, I see,
The scripture set aparte,
Unto your toies and vanitie,
His penne for to convart.

And if indeed you could him cause
From scripture for to flie,
No doubt, forsoth, but clause by clause
Much bravery should we see.

Then wolde you leke, then wold you laffe,
As you doo make reporte ;
Then wold you answere every staffe,
And that in sugred sorte.

In sugred sorte ? nay, poisoned then
I might it better call,
Although it sugred seemes to men
Which are in sinfull thrall.

A worthy worke it is, doubtles,
And full of lerned skill,
Whereby appeareth your shameles
And wilful wicked will.

And where you write, that secretly
Your fault he should have tolde,
That might not be ; sith openly
Your selfe did it upholde.

And where as he ful skilfully
Takes scriptures for his staie,
You say in deed that wickedly
He useth them alwaie.

It is not streight way proved so,
When that you have it said,
Except you bring a profe thereto
Which cannot be denaid.

As if that I should say in deed
 You were an honest man,
 All wise men might me then deride,
 Sith prove it not I can.

I wolde now wishe you should forget
 His science to deface;
 For honestly a man may get
 His living in that race.

Muche better then the witte to spend,
 A parasite to play,
 The bad to please, the good to offend,
 And play the foole all day.

And him methinkes you should not blame
 That can well shape a hose;
 For he may likewise cut and frame
 A case for your riche nose.

To make a hose is no suche shame
 To Leache in his degree,
 As is your nose a glorious fame
 Upon your face to see.

It doth become you very ill
 To talke so of your taile:
 But you shal there your tounge hold still,
 As fitte for tounes that raile.

And if you still thus doo deny
Your knaverie to forbeare,
You shal therein have victory,
The garland you shall weare.

But heere I must full sore lament
The counsel you still geve
To your vile Jone, not to repent,
But beastly still to live.

O wicked man, darste thou be bolde,
Suche sinful seede to sowe?
And eke the same for to upholde,
In sinful hartes to growe?

O Lord, shal whoredom thus prevaile,
Shal men thus sinne mainteine?
Is this a christen common weale,
And can such filthe susteine?

O magistrates, play Phinehes parte
Towarde suche, be not to milde,
Which may procure most grevous smart
To many a mothers childe.

The whoredom of one heretofore
Great plagues to many hath brought,
Although the Lord eftsoons therfore
In him repentance wrought.

What shal our lot be then, Oh Lord,
Which foster suche foule swine,
As live a lyfe to bee abhorde,
Yet glory and joye therein ?

Repent (O wretche) and cal for grace ;
Leave of these wicked toyes,
Lest Sathan reache thee sower sauce
To these thy pleasant joyes.

Now sir, if Leache, as you doe tell,
Semes fondly thinges to knit,
It is because you cannot well
Them home with reason hit.

A homely cloke wold serve full wel :
Is there none to be had ?
If Eldertonne of none heare tell,
I doubt he will goe mad.

But if as you doo threaten, so
You fall for to bee wood,
You shall streight waies to Bedlem go,
To tame your madding mood.

Now, Eldertonne, I must desire
You to hold Leache excusde,
For that no reason doth appeare
Why he shuld so be usde.

And sith that I thus curteously
For Leache doo you intreat,
Your phrensie so to satisfy,
You need no more to freat.

Wherfore, gentle Maiste Elderton,
As I may doo you pleasure,
Graunt this my supplication,
Which is not out of measure.

And thus subscribed,
The first day of June,
At which time you said
Beginneth your fume.

Qd. Willyam Fulwod.

Imprinted at London at the Long shop adjoining unto Saint
Mildreds Church in the Pultry by John Alde.

ON THE DEATH OF JOHN FELTON.

JOHN FELTON, according to Stowe, was arraigned on the 4th, and executed, by hanging and quartering before the Bishop of London's palace, on the 8th August, 1570. His offence was hanging a bull from the Pope on the gate of the Bishop of London. From the following ballad, (the second by the same author, Stephen Peell) it appears also that the offender's quarters were exposed upon the gates of the metropolis. It is in the form of an epistle to the Pope, and is cleverly written, like "The Warning to London Dames" to a very popular tune.

A LETTER TO ROME TO DECLARE TO THE POPE
JOHN FELTON HIS FREEND IS HANGD IN A ROPE :
AND FARTHER, A RIGHT HIS GRACE TO ENFORME
HE DYED A PAPIST AND SEEMD NOT TO TURNE.

TO THE TUNE OF ROW WELL YE MARINERS.

Who keepes Saint Angell gates ?
Where lieth our holy father, say ?
I muze that no man waytes,
Nor comes to meete me on the way.
Sir Pope, I say, yf you be nere,
Bow downe to me your listning eare :
Come forth, besturre you then a pace,
Fo[r] I have newes to show your grace.
Stay not, come on,
That I from hence were shortly gon :
Harke well, heare mee,
What tidings I have brought to thee.

The Bull so lately sent
To England by your holy grace,
John Felton may repent,
For setting of the same in place ;
For he upon a goodly zeale,
He bare unto your common weale,
Hath ventured lyfe to pleasure you,
And now is hangd, I tell you true.

Wherefore, sir Pope,
In England have you lost your hope.
Curse on, spare not,
Your knights are lyke to go to pot.

But further to declare
He dyed your obedient chylde,
And never seemd to spare
For to exalt your doctrine wylde :
And tolde the people every one
He dyed your obedient sonne ;
And as he might he did set forth
Your dignitie, thats nothyng worth ;
Your trash, your toyes
He toke to be his onely joyes :
Therefore hath wonne
Of you the crowne of martirdome.

Let him be shryned then
According to his merits due,
As you have others doen
That prove unto their Prince untrue.
For these (sir Pope) you love of lyfe,
That with their Princes fall at stryfe,
Defendyng of your supream power ;
Yet som have paid full deare therfore,
As now lately
Your freend John Felton seemd to try.
Therefore I pray
That you a masse for him wyll say.

Ryng all the belles in Rome,
To doe his sinful soule some good :
Let that be doen right soone,
Because that he hath shed his blood.
His quarters stand not all together,
But ye mai hap to ring them thether
In place where you wold have them be ;
Then might you doe as pleaseth ye.
For whye ? they hang
Unshryned each one upon a stang :
Thus standes the case,
On London gates they have a place.

His head upon a pole
Stands wavering in the wherling wynd,
But where shoulde be his soule
To you belongeth for to fynd :
I wysh you Purgatorie looke,
And search each corner with your hooke,
Lest it might chance, or you be ware,
The Devyls to catce him in a snare.

Yf ye him see,
From Purgatorie set him free :
Let not, trudge than,
Fetch Felton out, and yf ye can.

I wysh you now, sir Pope,
To loke unto your faithful freendes,
That in your Bulles have hope
To have your pardon for their sinnes ;

For here, I tell you, every lad
 Doth scoff and scorne your bulles to bad,
 And thinke they shall the better fare,
 For hatyng of your cursed ware.

Now doe I end ;
 I came to show you as a frend :
 Whether blesse or curse,
 You send to me, I am not the worse.

Finis. Steven Peele.

Imprinted by Alexander Lacie for Henrie Kirkham, dwellyng at
 the signe of the blacke Boy : at the middle North
 dore of Paules church.

THE POPE'S LAMENTATION.

THE subsequent humorous ballad is in the same measure as the preceding, and until now it has never been heard of. Ritson (Bibl. Poet. 300) mentions Thomas Preston as the well-known author of "Cambises," which Shakespeare ridicules, and of a ballad called "A Geliflower, or swete Marygolde," by the same printer as the following, and one year earlier in point of date; but Ritson knew nothing of this "Lamentation from Rome." It is from first to last a piece of ridicule of the Pope and his Court, disconcerted at the news of the defeat of the rebels in Northumberland.

A LAMENTATION FROM ROME HOW THE POPE DOTH BEWAYLE,
 THAT REBELLES IN ENGLAND CAN NOT PREVAYLE.

TO THE TUNE OF ROWE WELL YE MARINERS.

ALL you that newes would here,
 Give eare to me, poor Fabyn Flye.
 At Rome I was this yere,
 And in the Pope his nose dyd lye ;

But there I could not long abide,
 He blew me out of every side ;
 For furst when he had harde the newes
 That Rebelles dyd their Prince misuse,
 Then he with joye
 Did sporte him selfe with many a toye :
 He then so stout,
 That from his nose he blew me out.

But as he was a slepe,
 Into the same againe I goot :
 I crept there in so depe,
 That I had almost burnt my coote.
 New newes to him was brought that night,
 The Rebelles they were put to flight ;
 But Lord, how then the Pope toke one,
 And called for a Mary bone.
 Up howgh ! make hast,
 My lovers all be like to waste :
 Ryse Cardnall, up priest,
 Saint Peter he doth what he lest.

So then they fell to messe :
 The fryers on their beades did praye ;
 The Pope began to blesse,
 At last he weist not what to saye.
 It chanced so the next day morne,
 A post came blowing of his horne,
 Sayng Northomberland is take ;
 But then the Pope began to quake.
 He then rubd his nose ;

With pilgrome salve he noynt his hose.

Runne here, runne there ;

His nayles for anger gan to pare.

Not Northomberland alone,

But many of his wicked ayd,

Such as thought not to grone :

They hoped well for to aplayd

Their partes, to have their hartes desire ;

But now is quenched their flames of fire.

The greatest and the meane beside,

With other youths fast bound must ride.

Ketch fast, kepe well,

There youthfull bloud they long to sell :

Trust this, dere Pope,

What is it than wherfore ye hope?

When he perceaved well

The newes was true to him was brought,

Upon his knees he fell,

And then S. Peter he be sought,

That he would stand his frend in this,

To helpe to ayd those servauntes his,

And he would do as much for him ;

But Peter sent him to Saint Simme.

So then he snuft,

The fryers all about he cuft :

He roarde, he cryde ;

The priests they durst not once abide.

The Cardnalles then they beginnes

To stay and take him in their arme.

He spurnd them on the shinnes,
 Away the[y] trudgd for feare of harme.
 So there the Pope was left alone.
 Good Lord, how he dyd make his mone!
 The stooles against the walles he threwe,
 And me out of his nose he blewe.

I hopt, I skipt,
 From place to place about I whipt:
 He swore, he tare,
 Till from his crowne he pold the heare.

He courst me so about
 In the house I could finde no rome.
 Loth was I to go out,
 And shrind my selfe under a brome.
 Then by and by downe he was set;
 With anger he was one a swet:
 He rubde his elbowe on the wall,
 So fell a rayling on Saint Paule.
 Fye, fye, bloud, harte!
 He scratchd him selfe till he dyd smart.
 Poll nose, rube eye,
 Grash the teth, drawe mouth awrye.

He wept and wrong his handes,
 Yea, worse and worse began to fret:
 Thus raging still he standes;
 Then out at doore I dyd me get.
 I was not sooner gone from thence,
 But worse and worse was his pretence.

The post he plucked from the house,
He left no harbour for a mouse.

Thus now the Popes mad,
Because no better lucke they had ;
Forlorne, molest,
That they so ill their meate digest.

When I had vewed all,
To bring this newes my winges I spred.
To this parplict is he fall,
I wish some would go hold his head ;
For certainly he doth yll fare ;
Yet for the same I do not care,
For God his power will convince,
And ayd with right his beloved prince.
Then, Pope, radge thou :
The God in heaven hath made a vowe
To kepe all his.
That God is just, our stay he is.

Finis. Qd. Thomas Preston.

Imprinted at London in Fletestrete at the Signe of the Faulcon by
Wylliam Gryffith and are to be solde at his shoppe
in Saint Dunstones Churchyard. 1570.

STUTELEY'S VOYAGE TO FLORIDA.

MOST of the existing information regarding the celebrated adventurer Thomas Stutely, or Stukeley, is to be found in a note to Dyce's Peele's Works, II. 82. The name of Robert Seall, who subscribes the ensuing ballad, is new in poetical bibliography ;

and if he wrote anything else, it has not been recovered. John Allde must have printed this broadside at an early date, because Stuteley's voyage to Florida was one of his first enterprises. The parallel between Stuteley and Columbus, near the end, is singular. It is nowhere inserted among the productions of Allde's press.

A COMMENDATION OF THE ADVENTERUS VIAGE OF THE
WURTHY CAPTAIN, M. THOMAS STUTELY ESQUYER
AND OTHERS TOWARDS THE LAND CALLED
TERRA FLORIDA.

If fortunes force procure
The valiant noble hart
In travail pain and daungers great,
In warres to have his part ;

If losse of goods insue
Through valiant enterprise,
Or for slaknes, or the foresight
Of diligent advise ;

Yet of his wurthy praise
I can not speak toliche,
Who ventreth both his goods and life
His contrey to enriche.

The worldly wise doo muse,
And also doo envay
At noble harts, when that their welths
Doo fall unto decay.

As now of late I knew,
And saw the evidence,
Of one whose part it was to shew
The like experience.

A noble hart in deed,
And wurthy great renowne,
Whose fortune was not to remain
In cittie nor in towne.

A yong Eneas bolde,
With hart and courage stout,
Whose enterprise was only pight
Straunge things to bring about.

And though that all men seemd
His dooings to deride,
Yet this his fact he would not leve,
Nor throwe it so a side.

But stil he dooth procure
With boldned hart and minde
That thing which erst he had assayd
By travail now to finde.

Into a land unknowne
To win hym wurthy fame,
As exequies and memory
Of his most noble name;

Whiche if it fall to his lot
 With fortunes helping hand,
 He may wel make a lawhing stock
 Of them whiche him withstand.

Some terme it Stolidia,
 And Sordida it name;
 And to be plain, they doo it mock
 As at a foolishe game.

If reasons sence be cause
 Of this forespoken talke,
 Or fayned folly be the ground
 Why mennes tungs thus doo walke,

Then might it seem to me
 The Frenches labour lost,
 Their careful pain and travail eke
 That they therein have cost.

The cronicles also,
 Whiche only seem as trew,
 And writ by them that of that place
 Before did take the vew.

The spaniards eke doo shew,
 And verify the same,
 To be described as a thing
 Deserving suche a name.

The Portingales doo say
The crownacles be just,
And all that travaild have that coste
The same confes it must.

Of that in times before
Through talkes men have refraind,
Whiche for the love of travail sore
Their harts have long been paind.

Columbus, as I reed,
The space of many yeeres
Was counted as unwise also,
As in writers appeeres.

His earnest sute denied,
Yet in the finall ende
His wurd and deeds did seem at length
On reason to depend.

The like assay in hand
He did at last procure,
Whose life and lucky viages
Good fortune did assure.

At thend in savety home
At length he did retourn,
And quenched all their mocking harts,
Whiche erst did seem to burn.

For fire of force must needs
 Declare his burning heat,
 Though for a time in smothering smoke
 It seemes it self to beat.

So talk of tungs may not
 By smothering through be tame,
 But bursting out at length wil turn
 Into a firye flame.

And then, the mallice gon,
 The fire falleth down
 And quenched quite, as by this man,
 Whiche was of great renowne.

Now, Stuetley, hoice thy sail,
 Thy wished land to finde,
 And never doo regard vain talke,
 For wurds they are but winde.

And in reproof of all,
 I will not once refrain
 With prayer for to wish that thou
 Maist safely come again.

And that sum frute at length
 By travail thou maist finde,
 With riches for to satisfy
 Thy manly modest minde.

Finis. Qd. Robert Seall.

Imprinted at London at the long Shop adjoyning unto Saint
 Mildreds Church in the Pultrie, by John Allde.

THE FLOODS OF BEDFORDSHIRE, &c.

THE subsequent ballad gives us the earliest notice of that extraordinarily popular actor, Richard Tarlton, whose name is subscribed as the author of it. Whether he was on the stage at this time, must be matter of speculation; but it is certain that he was not a member of the first authorized theatrical company—that of the Earl of Leicester, in 1574. (Vide Hist. of Dramatic Poetry and the Stage, i. 211.) He is not spoken of as an actor until 1583, when, with Wilson, he was at the head of the twelve players selected by the Queen as her own company; but he must have obtained celebrity considerably before that date, and we know that he died in September 1588. According to the writer of the play, “The Three Lords and Three Ladies of London,” published only two years after Tarlton’s death, he was originally “a water-bearer.” It seems probable that he had obtained some reputation prior to the following temporary effusion, and that that reputation was employed to secure it an additional sale, for it certainly has little merit as an original composition. In 1578, John Allde (the printer of what follows) had a license to publish “Tarlton’s device upon this unlooked for great snowe.” (Dibdin’s Typ. Ant. iv. 579.) The ensuing ballad was not the only production upon the occasion to which it relates, for William How in 1571 printed “A Declaration of such tempestuous and outrageous Fluddes as hath been in divers places of England. 1570.” We may gather from Thomas Nash’s “Terrors of the Night,” 4to. 1594, that “Tarlton’s Toys” had appeared in 1586, but Tarlton’s “Jests” and “News out of Purgatory” were published after his decease. The precise share he had in the extemporal play of “The Seven Deadly Sins,” may be disputed. Stowe mentions the “terrible tempest of wind and rain,” on 5th October, 1570.

A VERY LAMENTABLE AND WOFULL DISCOURS OF THE FIERCE
FLUDS, WHICHE LATELY FLOWED IN BEDFORD SHIRE, IN
LINCOLN SHIRE, AND IN MANY OTHER PLACES, WITH
THE GREAT LOSSES OF SHEEP AND OTHER CATTEL,
THE 5 OF OCTOBER 1570.

ALL faithful harts come waile,
Com rent your garments gay,
Els nothing can prevaile
To turn Gods wrath away.

Of waters fierce and fel,
And fluds both huge and hie,
You may report and tel
Of places far and nye.

Of monsters very rare,
That are unseemly borne,
Whiche dooth at large declare
We live as men forlorne.

We live and linger stil,
We wander quite astray,
We want true Christians skil
To guide us in the way.

Ful straunge unseemly sights
We may beholde and see,
What mis-deformed wights
Of women borne there bee.

Ouse bridge was lately lost
By force of roring streame,
Which many a crowne hath cost,
In this our English realme.

Why should I make delay,
Reciting of such acts?
What need I more to say
Of vice and worldly facts?

As erst I did pretend,
So forward will I glide,
To tel the totall end,
What hapned at this tide.

By rushing rivers late,
In Bedford town, no nay,
Ful many a woful state
May yeeld to fast and pray.

At twelve a clock at night,
It flowde with such a hed,
Yea, many a woful wight
Did swim in naked bed.

Among the rest there was
A woful widow sure,
Whome God did bring to passe
The death she did procure.

Widow Spencer by name :
A sleep she beeing fast,
The flud so rashly came,
That she aloft was cast.

Which seeing started up,
Regarding small her pelf,
She left beside her bed,
And so she drownd her self.

The houses very strong,
 The cattel great and small,
 Were quickly laid along,
 And so they perisht all.

The geldings tall and brave
 In stables rashly roules :
 The church was over flowed
 In Bedford, named Poules.

The gardens round about,
 The sheep in marsh or feeld,
 The river was so stout
 They knew not where to sheeld.

The kine and oxen, to,
 Were all drowned by force,
 They west not what to doo,
 It had so small remorse.

O Lord, this flud was straunge,
 And none occasion why ;
 The wether did not chaunge,
 The wind was nothing hie.

There was no store of raine,
 But very little sure,
 That wee should thus sustaine
 The losse we did endure.

The arke of father Noy
Was had in minde as than,
When God did clene destroy
Both woman, childe and man.

But that he promis made,
When he did heer remaine,
The world should never vade
By waters force againe;

Els would we then have thought
The dredful day of doome
Had been both shape and wrought
To drown us all and some.

Upon the Saboth day
We were amazed all;
In church we could not pray,
But in the judgement hall

We were assembled there,
With praiers most devout
To God, with many a tere,
To tame this river stout.

No horse nor man could passe
Of busines small or post,
For issue none there was,
No way but to be lost.

In Bedford town, I knowe,
 This many score of yeeres,
 Did never rivers flowe,
 To bring us in such feares.

By chaunce I came in place,
 This great mischaunce to tel,
 To end our crooked race
 What fotune late befel.

Which tale no sooner doon,
 Two men along did walke :
 Betwixt us we begon
 To raise some further talke.

What cuntrey men they were
 I did request to knowe :
 They said of Lincoln shire,
 The certen trueth is so.

Quod they, your losse is small,
 But one hath lost her life :
 He askt what dame she was ?
 I said one Spencer's wife.

In Lincoln shire (he said)
 We have sustaind great losse :
 Our stomacks are decaide,
 That late so frolick was.

Our cattel in like case
Are drownd and cast away ;
For oure offence in every place
The dum beasts truly pay.

We have not scaped so :
Both widow, man and wife,
Since first this flud did flowe,
Have gained losse of life.

When that the waters seast,
As I and more doo knowe,
Ther did from skies descend
A great and greevous snowe.

And so we parted then,
Bewailing both together,
Like poor and out cast men,
This sudden chaunge of wether.

In us therefore for shame
Let vice no more be seene,
And eke our selves to frame
To serve a right our Queen.

Finis. Qd. Richard Tarlton.

Imprinted at London at the long shop adjoyning unto Saint
Mildreds Church in the Pultrye by John Alde. 1570.

ADMONITION TO THE PAPISTS.

THIS ballad, subscribed "G. B." may have been by Gulielmus or William Birch, the author of a former piece of the same kind in the present volume: William Baldwin, who was a writer of considerable celebrity, and one of the original projectors of "The Mirror for Magistrates," sometimes used the initials G. B. and 1571 is not perhaps too late a date for him. The following is, however, precisely in the pious, puritanical spirit of Birch. It was unknown to Dibdin, Ames and Herbert, and is therefore not enumerated among the productions of Awdeley's press. Towards the close it refers to the execution of John Felton in the year preceding, regarding which we have already inserted a contemporary effusion by Stephen Peel. The "three trees," of which the Roman Catholics are told in the title to beware, of course meant "the triple gallow-tree," or "the three legged mare," as it was sometimes called in the language of the time.

A FREE ADMONITION WITHOUT ANY FEES,
TO WARNE THE PAPISTES TO BEWARE OF THREE TREES.

If that you be not past all grace,
O Papystes, heare mee speake;
Let reason rule and truth take place,
Cease you from that you seeke.
Can you God or his woord deface?
Can you the truth wythstand?
Can you our noble Queene displace,
And yet lyve in England?

Take heede, beware the Devyll is a knave,
He wyl you sure begile:
In cruelty he would you have
To serve hym here awhile:

With lying and hipocrisy
His kyngdome to mayntayne,
Contemning truth and equity,
This is his subtile trayne.

Let cursed Cain example be
That slew Abel his brother;
Whom neither God with majesty,
Could move to leave his murder,
Nor yet the godly lyfe of hym
That gave hym none offence,
Tyll he had heaped up hys synne
In practisyng his pretence.

Let Core and Dathan come from hell
Where now they do remayne,
That they their minds at length mai tel
Wherefore they ther remain;
Namely for that they did rebel
And would not be perswaded,
But would be Lordes in Israel,
Tyll hell had them devoured.

What could make Absalon meeke and tame,
And to desist from rage?
His father Davids worthy fame,
Or yet his counsel sage?
No, no, these things wil not prevail
With hym that feares not God;
The force of doctrine there doth fail,
Tyl God strike with his rod.

And as the Devil in these did rage
To worke his wycked wyll,
That nothyng coulde theyr furye swage
Tyl they did it fulfyl,
So that the law of God and man
They sought to overthrow ;
Even so of late I truly can
The lyke unto you show.

When kyng Edward of worthy fame
Had Antichrist put downe,
And to the glory of Gods name,
Had placed truth in her roome :
The Denshire dolts, like Rebels ranck
In rusty armour ranged,
But hangd wer som, their carions stanck,
The world was quickly changed.

And then dyd Ket, the tanner stout,
In Norffolke play his part,
Assembling such his rebels rout,
That innocents might smart.
But hanged he was, this was his end,
And so ende all the sort
That Rebels are and wyll not mend,
A rope be their comfort.

Such blessings as the Nortons had,
And such as Felton found,
God send them all that are so bad
With heeles to blesse the ground.

If that you like not for to have
This blessing in a rope,
Leave of you rebels for to rave,
And curse your dad the Pope.

Which makes you oft such crowes to pul,
Then leaves you in the mire ;
In sending you to such a Bull,
This is but symple hire :
Behold the end of this attempt
That last here was begun,
Loe, God your doying doth prevent
The rebels race to run.

Synce God by grace doth guyde hys flock
That none can them anoy,
If you be grafted in this stocke
He wyl you not destroy.
Feare God, flee syn, the truth embrace,
And seeke your Prince to please,
Obey the lawes and call for grace,
So shall you lyve at peace.

God save our Queene Elizabeth.

Finis. Qd. G. B.

Imprinted at London by John Awdely, for Henry Kirkham,
dwelling at the middle North doore of Paules, at the signe
of the blacke Boy. The xii of December. 1571.

THE FALL OF ANTWERP.

THE date of this ballad is only to be ascertained from the event to which it relates: it is nowhere mentioned among the productions of Alde's press, (which range between 1561 and 1596) though Dr. Dibdin informs us "a great many ballads" were licensed to him. Ralph or Rafe Norris is one of several names in this collection quite new in our poetical bibliography, and no other production of his pen is known. The tune to which he wrote, "Row well, ye mariners," was very popular, as may be seen from Mr. W. Chappell's "National English Airs," p. 134; and we have already inserted two specimens of verse adapted to it. Camden introduces the siege and sacking of Antwerp by the Spaniards among the events of the year 1576, and there can be little doubt that the "Warning to London" appeared very soon afterwards.

A WARNING TO LONDON BY THE FALL OF ANTWERP.

TO THE TUNE OF ROW WEL YE MARINERS.

THE sturdy oke at length,
When forse doth fail, though nere so tall,
Resigneth up his strength
By boistrous blasts unto the fal:
The stately stag in time dooth yeeld
Him self a pray to dogs in feeld:
The peacock proud, the swelling swan,
At last dooth serve the use of man.
Pride, pompe, plumes gay,
Must have a fall, who ere say nay:
Hye mindes, state, power,
Shall come to end within an houre.

Let Antwerp warning be,
Thou stately London, to beware,

Lest, resting in thy glee,
Thou wrapst thy self in wretched care.
Be vigilant, sleepe not in sin,
Lest that thy foe doo enter in :
Keep sure thy trench, prepare thy shot ;
Watch wel, so shall no foil be got.
Stand fast, play thy parte ;
Quail not, but shew an English hart.
Dout, dread, stil fear,
For Antwerps plague approcheth neer.

Leave tearing of thy God,
Let vain excesse be laid aside ;
Els shalt thou feel the rod
Prepared for to scou[r]ge thy pride.
Forsake thy Devilish drunken trade,
Which almoste hath the entrance made.
Erect your walles, give out your charge ;
Keep wel your ray, run not at large.
Faint not, fiercely fight :
Shrink not, but keep your countries right.
Stand stout, on Jesus call,
And he no doubt will help you all.

Trust not a civil foe
Which under coulour wisheth good,
For ere thy self doost knowe,
By craft he seeks to have thy blood.
The snake in grasse doth groveling lie,
Til for revenge due time he spie.

The leering dog doth bite more sore,
Then he that warning gives before.

Fine flattery, fair face
Much discorde breeds in every place.

Fire shot must be to hot
For those which have their God forgot.

Rejoyce not if thou see

Thy neighbours house set on a flame,
For like thy luck may be,

Unlesse thou wel prevent the same.
The scourge which late on Antwerp fel,
Thy wrack and ruine dooth foretel.

Make not a gibing jest therat,
Lest stately Troy be beaten flat.

Pray God faithfully
To save us from all treachery.

Dout not if we doo so,
We shall escape the forain fo.

Pray we with one accorde,

That God our Queene may ay defend
From those which seeke by swoord

To bring her graces reign to end.
Cut of (O Lord) their devilish dayes,
And graunt her life thy name to praise.
Garde her with grace, her champion be,
That she may gain the victory.

Hope wel, pray stil :
 God is our guide, we feare none il.
 Fear not, watch, pray :
 God sheeld this Citie from decay.

Amen. Qd. Rafe Norris.

Imprinted at London at the long Shop adjoyning unto S. Mildreds
 Church in the Pultrie by John Alde.

THE LARK AND HER FAMILY.

RITSON, who mentions this ballad (Bibl. Poet. 137), informs us that the author's name is not Arthur Bour, as it is subscribed at the end, but Arthur Boucher; and certainly a person of the latter name has a poem in "The Paradise of Dainty Devices." What follows was twice printed, and the copy here adopted was of the later edition by Richard Jones. Mr. Heber had an earlier impression. The apologue, which is from Æsop, has been frequently translated, and three times at an early date,—viz. in prose, in "The Palace of Pleasure," 4to. 1566; and in verse, in "The Forrest of Fancy," 4to. 1579, (attributed by some to H. Chettle, and by others to H. Constable, but in all probability by neither) where it is related in ten-syllable alternate rhyme, and by Arthur Bour or Boucher, very cleverly, as follows.

A WORTHY MYRROUR, WHEREIN YE MAY MARKE
 AN EXCELLENT DISCOURSE OF A BREEDING LARKE :
 BY READYNG WHEREOF PERCEYVE WELL YE MAY
 WHAT AT TRUST IS FREENDES OR ON KINSFOLKS TO STAY.

A LARKE sometimes did breed
 Within a field of corne,
 And had increase when as the grayne
 Was redy to be shorne.

Shee, wary of the tyme
 And carefull for her nest,
 Debated wisely with her selfe
 What thyng to doo were best.

For to abyde the rage
 Of cruell reapers hande,
 Shee knew it was to perillous,
 With safetie for to stande :

And to dislodge her broode,
 Unable yet to fly,
 (Not knowing whither to remove)
 Great harmes might hap thereby.

Therefore shee ment to staye
 Tyll force constraynd to fleete,
 And in the whyle for to provyde
 Some other place as meete.

The better to provyde
 The purpose of her mynde ;
 She would forthwith go seeke abroad,
 And leave her yong behind:

But first shee bad them all
 Attend their mothers wyl,
 Which carefull was for to eschewe
 Each likelyhood of yll.

This corne is ripe (quoth shee,)
Wherin we nestled are,
The which (if heede prevents not harmes)
May cause our mortall care.

Therefore to fence with skyl
The sequeall of mishappes,
I wyll provyde some other place
For feare of afterclappes.

Whilste I for this and foode
Am flowen hence awaye,
With heedefull eares attentive bee
What commers by doo saye.

Thus sayde shee vaunste her selfe
Upon her longest toe,
And mounted up into the skies,
Styll singing as shee flowe.

Anone shee home returnde
Full fraught with choyce of meate;
But loe, (a suddaine change) her byrdes
For feare could nothyng eate.

Therwith agast she cryed,
What, how? what meaneth this?
I charge ye on my blessing tell
What thyng hath chaunst amis.

Are these my welcomes home,
 Or thanks for foode I have?
 Ye wonted were with chirping cheare
 To gape before I gave:

But now such quawmes oppresse
 Your former quiet kynde,
 That (quite transformed) dumb mute things,
 And senselesse soules I finde.

The prime and eldest birde
 (Thus checkt) began to say,
 Alas, deare dame, such news we hard
 Sence ye were flowen awaye,

That were it not the trust
 That wee repose in you,
 Our lives were lost remediles
 We know it well ynow.

The owner of this plot
 Came hither with his sonne,
 And sayd to him, this wheat must down,
 'Tis more than time 'twere don:

Go get thee to my friendes,
 And byd them come to morne,
 And tell them that I crave their helpes
 To reape a peece of corne.

The Larke that was the dam
 Stood in a dump a whyle,
And after said, his frindes (quoth hee)
 And then began to smile.

Tush, friendes are hard to finde,
 True friendship seild appeares :
A man may misse to have a friend,
 That lives olde Nestors yeares.

True Damon and his friend
 Long ere our time were dead :
It was in Greece, a great way hence,
 Where two such friends were bred.

Our country is to colde
 To foster up a friende,
Tyll prooffe be made eche one wyll say,
 Styll yours unto the ende.

But trye in time of neede
 And all your friends are flowen ;
Suche fruitlesse seede, suche fickle stay
 In faithlesse friendes is sowen.

Therefore be of good cheere,
 Revive your dulled sprites,
Expell the care that causelesse thus
 Bereaves you of delightes.

Let no surmised feare
 Deprive your eyes of sleepe,
 My selfe wyll be amongst ye still,
 That safely shall ye keepe.

And sweare eene by the tufte
 That growes upon my crowne,
 If all his helpe be in his freendes
 This corne shall not goe downe.

The yong, assured by her
 That such an othe dyd sweare,
 Dyd passe the time with wonted sleepe,
 And banisht former feare.

And when the drowsie night
 Was fled from gladsome daye,
 She bad them wake and looke about,
 For she must go her way.

And saide, I warrant you,
 These friendes wyll not come heere;
 Yet notwithstanding, listen well,
 And tell me what you heare.

Anone the farmer came,
 Enraged, wellnie madde,
 And sware who so depends on friends,
 His case is worse then badde:

I wyll go fet my kinne
To helpe mee with this geare :
In things of greater weight then this
Their kindred shall appeare.

The larkes, their dam returnd,
Informed her of all,
And how that he hymselfe was gone
His kindred for to call.

But when she hard of kinne
Shee laughinge cried amayne,
A pin for kin, a figge for friendes,
Yet kinne the worst of twayne.

This man him selfe is poore
Though wealthy kine he have,
And kindred now a dayes doth quaile
When neede compelles to crave.

No, no, he shall returne
With yll contented minde ;
His paynes shall yeald but losse of time,
No succoure he shall finde.

They all are so addicte
Unto their private gayne,
That if ye lacke power to requite
Your sutes are all in vayne.

My selfe am over chardgde
With harvest, ye maye see,
And neerer is my skin then shirte :
This shall their answer bee.

Therefore, as earste of friendes
So saye I now of kin :
Wee shall receyve no hurte by them
Nor he no profite win.

Yet listen once agayne
What now [h]is refuge is,
For kinred shalbe lyke to friendes ;
Be well assured of this.

I must go furnish up
A neast I have begone,
And wyll returne and bring ye meate
Assoone as it is done.

Then up she clam the clowdes
With suche a lusty saye
That it rejoyste her yonglinges hartes
As in their neast they laye :

And muche they did commende
Their mothers lofty gate,
And thought it long til time had brought
Them selves to such estate.

Thus whilst their twinkelynge eyes
Were rovyng to and fro,
They saw where as the Farmer came
That was their mortall foe.

Who after due complaintes,
Thus said in the ende:
I wyll from hencefoorth trust myselfe,
And not to kinne nor friende.

Who gives me glosing wordes,
And fayles me at my neede,
May in my Pater noster bee,
But never in my Creede.

My selfe wyll have it downe,
Since needes it must be so,
For prooffe hath taught me too mutch wit
To trust to any mo.

The birdes that listenyng laye
Attentive to the same,
Informde their mother of the whole
As soone as ere she came.

Yee, mary, then quoth shee,
The case now altered is:
We wyll no longer heare abyde ;
I alwayes feared this.

But out she got them all
And trudged away apace,
And through the corn she brought them safe
Into another place.

God send her lucke to shun
Both hauke and fowlers gin,
And mee the hap to have no neede
Of friende, nor yet of kin.

Finis. Arthur Bour.

Printed at London by Richard Johnes.

THE EXECUTION OF BALLARD, &c.

THE history of the plot in which Ballard, Babbington, Tichbourne and others, were engaged in 1586, is well known. The subsequent ballad, by the celebrated Thomas Deloney, (his initials T. D. being at the conclusion of it) was no doubt printed immediately after the execution of the "fourteen most wicked traitors," on the 20th and 21st September. At the top of the broadside are woodcuts of fourteen heads, but they are not likenesses, but merely engravings which the printer happened to have in his possession, and which had been already used for Hill's work on Physiognomy, and perhaps for other publications requiring illustration.

A PROPER NEW BALLAD, BREEFELY DECLARING THE DEATH
AND EXECUTION OF 14 MOST WICKED TRAITORS, WHO
SUFFERED DEATH IN LINCOLNES INNE FIELDE, NEERE
LONDON : THE 20 AND 21 OF SEPTEMBER 1586.

TO THE TUNE OF WEEP WEEP.

REJOYCE in hart, good people all,
Sing praise to God on hye,
Which hath preserved us by his power
From traitors tiranny ;

Which now have had their due desarts,
In London lately seen,
And Ballard was the first that died,
For treason to our Queene.

O praise the Lord with hart and minde,
Sing praise with voices cleare ;
Seth traiterous crue, have had their due
To quaile their partener's cheere.

Next Babington, that caitife vilde,
Was hanged for his hier ;
His carcasse likewise quartered,
And hart cast in the fier.
Was ever seen such wicked troopes
Of traytors in this land,
Against the pretious woord of truthe,
And their good Queene to stand ?
Oh praise, &c.

But heer beholde the rage of Rome,
The fruits of Popish plants ;
Beholde and see their wicked woorks,
Which all good meaning wants ;
For Savage also did receave
Like death for his desert,
Which in that wicked enterprise
Should then have doon his part.
O praise, &c,

O cursed catifes, void of grace,
 Will nothing serve your turne,
 But to behold your cuntries wrack,
 In malice while you burne?
 And Barnwell thou, which went to view
 Her grace in each degree,
 And how her life might be dispatcht,
 Thy death we all did see.
 O praise, &c.

Confounding shame fall to their share,
 And hellish torments sting,
 That to the Lords annointed shall
 Devise so vile a thing.
 O Techburne, what bewitched thee
 To have such hate in store,
 Against our good and gracious Queene,
 That thou must dye therfore?
 O praise, &c.

What gaine for traitors can returne,
 If they their wish did win?
 Or what preferment should they get,
 By this their trecherous sinne?
 Though forraine power love treason well,
 The traitors they dispise,
 And they the first that should sustaine
 The smart of their devise.
 O praise, &c.

What cause had Tilney, traitor stout,
Or Abbington likewise,
Against the Lords annointed thus
Such mischeef to devise?
But that the Devill inticed them
Such wicked woorks to render;
For which these seven did suffer death,
The twentieth of September.
O praise, &c.

Seven more the next day following
Were drawn from the Tower,
Which were of their confederates,
To dye that instant hower:
The first of them was Salsburie,
And next to him was Dun,
Who did complaine most earnestly
Of proud yong Babington.
O praise, &c.

Both lords and knights of hye renowne
He ment for to displace,
And likewise all the towers and townes
And cities for to race:
So likewise Jones did much complaine
Of his detested pride,
And shewed how lewdly he did live
Before the time he died.
O praise, &c.

Then Charnock was the next in place
To taste of bitter death ;
And praying unto holy saints,
He left his vitall breath.
And in like maner Travers then
Did suffer in that place,
And fearfully he left his life,
With crossing brest and face.
O praise, &c.

Then Gage was stripped in his shirt,
Who up the lather went,
And sought for to excuse him selfe
Of treasons falce intent.
And Bellamie the last of all
Did suffer death that daye ;
Unto which end God bring all such
As wish our Queenes decay.
O praise, &c.

O faulce, and foule disloyall men,
What person would suppose
That clothes of velvet and of silke
Should hide such mortall foes ?
Or who would think such hiddenhate
In men so fair in sight,
But that the Devill can turne him selfe
Into an angell bright.
O praise, &c.

But, soveraigne Queene, have thou no care,
 For God, which knoweth all,
 Will still maintaine thy royall state,
 And give thy foes a fall.
 And for thy Grace thy subjects all
 Will make their praiers still,
 That never traitor in this land
 May have his wicked will.
 O praise, &c.

Whose glorious daies in England heere
 The mighty God maintaine,
 That long unto thy subjects joye
 Thy Grace may rule and raigne.
 And, Lord, we pray, for Christes sake,
 That all thy secret foes
 May come to naught, which seeke thy life
 And Englands lasting woes.
 O praise the Lord with hart and minde, &c.

The names of 7 Traitors
 which were executed on
 Tuesday being the xx
 of September 1586.

John Ballard Preest.
 Anthony Babington.
 John Savage.
 Robert Barnwell.
 Chodicus Techburne.
 Charles Tilney.
 Edward Abbington.

The names of the other
 vii which were exe-
 cuted on the next
 day after.

Thomas Salsbury.
 Henry Dun.
 Edward Jhones.
 John Travers.
 John Charnock.
 Robert Gage.
 Harman Bellamy.

Finis. T. D.

Imprinted at London at the Long Shop adjoyning unto Saint
 Mildreds Church in the Pultrie by Edward Allde.

CHURCHYARD'S FAREWELL TO COURT.

THOMAS CHURCHYARD, the author of the subsequent hitherto unknown production, was a versifier (not to dignify him by the title of poet, to which he had few pretensions) from his early youth, and he continued to print his rhimes down to the very year of his death, 1604, when he had attained the age of eighty-four. Many of his publications were autobiographical, and a singular and varied life might easily be composed from them. He was patronized in the outset of his career by the Earl of Surrey, and wrote some of the "Songes and Sonnettes," first printed in 1557. At this time he was probably in the army, and so he continued for many years, vainly seeking employment at court. The following ballad was evidently written in a fit of despondency at some disappointment of the kind; and he laments the absence of Lady Sydney from court, as the cause of it. He probably means the widow of Sir Philip Sydney, which would fix the date of the ballad prior to her marriage with Robert Earl of Essex. Some new and interesting particulars regarding Churchyard and his patrons are to be found in Mr. Wright's "Elizabeth and her Times," 8vo. 1838.

A FAREWELL, CAULD CHURCHEYEARDS ROUNDE,
FROM THE COURTE TO THE CUNTRY GROWND.

In courte yf largies be,
Why parte I thens so bare?
Yf lords were franke and fre,
Sum dradg wold lordings spare,
To hyme whose tonge and penn
Myght showe in every coste
The worthynes of men,
And who desarvythe moste.

Full lyttill may be gott
Where hungry droppes do falle;
Where all goes to the pott
The kitchine fese are smalle.

The byrde can spare no plumes
That fethers gaye wolde have ;
The Courtyer all consumes
Who makes hymeselfe so brave.

No, no, here lyes in dede
The padde within the strawe ;
For eche man pleadethe neade,
And he is held a dawe
That gyves to such as wante,
And thynkes hyme selfe in lacke.
This makes the world so skant,
And tournythe all to wracke.

For fryndshype, cowlde as ise,
I wayted longe and late,
And gladde to playe the vice
To plesure eche estate ;
And ever dyd I hope
To hitt my wyshyd marke,
Yet lo, I dyd but grope
For gnats within the darke.

Perhappes the froste hath nypt
Eache noble lyberall hand,
Or ellse awaye is skyppte
In to sume other lannde.
God send a thawe a gayne,
And shyppes drawe home as fast,
That pore men for ther payne
Maye fynde some welthe at last.

I saught the Prynce to sarve,
 As all oure dutyes is,
 And hope I dyd desarve
 A greter sute then this ;
 But dayes and wekes are spent,
 And worne my cotes ful thyne,
 And all my yearly rent,
 Yet founde no grace therein.

No monstoure sure I am,
 Nor fowlle deformyd thyng ;
 No shepe nor suckinge lame ;
 More lycke to sarve a kinge,
 As shall both hand and harte
 At lengthe my wytnes be,
 When proffe in any part
 Shall be requyrde of me.

Had I but founde a wyght
 In courte, when I was there,
 The Lady Sydney hight,
 All changed had byn this gere.
 What happ had I to shue
 Where no suche helpe is founde ?
 O dames, yt blush not you,
 Thought she in grace a bound.

Nowe from the courte to carte,
 My horse and I must pase.
 Who hathe the meryst harte,
 Who is in better case,

My horse or I, God knowes :
 The one muste beare his charge,
 The other where he goes
 Must pourely lyve at large.

Finis. Quod. T. Churcheyard.

Imprinted at London in Fletestrte at the Faucon, over againste
 St. Dunstons Church by Wylliam Gryffith.

QUEEN ELIZABETH AT TILBURY.

It would be idle to conjecture to whom the initials T. J. at the end of this spirited ballad belong: had it been some half century later, it would have been confidently assigned to Thomas Jordan, who was a prolific penman of pieces of this class. The production itself is no where mentioned, and the only known writer of about that period whose name corresponds is Thomas Jeney, who in 1568 printed "A Discours of the present Troobles in Fraunce," translated from Ronsard. It is improbable, both from the date and style, that the ballad should have been by him. It gives a few particulars respecting the Queen's visit to the camp at Tilbury not found in contemporary historians. The date when the ballad was printed, was of course shortly anterior to the destruction of the Spanish Armada.

A JOYFUL SONG OF THE ROYALL RECEIVING OF THE QUEENES
 MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTIE INTO HER HIGHNESSE CAMPE
 AT TILSBURIE, IN ESSEX: ON THURSDAY AND FRYDAY
 THE EIGHT AND NINTH OF AUGUST 1588.

TO THE TUNE OF TRIUMPH AND JOY.

Good English men, whose valiant harts,
 With courage great and manly partes,
 Doe minde to daunt the overthwarts
 Of any foe to England,

Attend a while, and you shall heare
 What love and kindnesse doth appeare
 From the princely mind of our love deare

Elizabeth Queene of England.

To cheare her souldiers one and all,
 Of honour great or title small,
 And by what name you will them call :

Elizabeth Queene of England.

The time being dangerous now, ye know,
 That forraigne enimies to and fro
 For to invade us make a show,

And our good Queene of England,
 Her Majestie by grave advise,
 Considering how the danger lyes,
 By all good meanes she can devise

For the safetie of all England,
 Hath pointed men of honour right,
 With all the speede they could or might,
 A campe of men there should be pight

On Tilsburie hill in England.

Her grace being given to understand
 The mightie power of this her land,
 And the willing harts thereon she fand

From every shire in England ;
 The mightie troupes have shewed the same,
 That day by day to London came,
 From shires and townes too long to name,

To serve the Queene of England.

Her grace, to glad their harts againe,
In princely person tooke the paine
To honour the troupes and martiall traine
In Tilsburie campe in England.

On Thursday the eight of August last
Her Majestie by water past,
When stormes of winde did blow so fast,
Would feare some folke in England ;
And at her forte she went on land,
That neare to Tilsburie (strong) doth stand,
Where all things furnisht there she fand
For the safe defence of England.
The great shot then did rage and roare,
Replied by a forte on the other shore,
Whose poudred pellets, what would ye have more,
Would feare any foe in England.

Her highnesse then to the campe did goe,
The order there to see and know,
Which her Lord Generall did dutifully showe
In Tilsburie campe in England :
And everie captaine to her came,
And every officer of fame,
To show their duetie and their name
To their sovereign Queene of England.
Of tents and cabins thousands three,
Some built with bowes and many a tree,
And many of canvasse she might see
In Tilsburie campe in England.

Each captaine had his colours brave
Set over his tent in winde to wave ;
With them their officers there they have
To serve the Queene of England.

The other lodgings had their signe
For souldiers where to sup and dine,
And for to sleepe with orders fine

In Tilsburie campe in England :
And vittaling boothes there plentie were,
Where they sold meate, bread, cheese and beere :
One should have been hangd for selling too dear
In Tilsburie campe in England.

To tell the joy of all and some
When that her Majestie was come,
Such playing on phiphes and many a drum
To welcome the Queene of England :
Displaying of ensignes very brave,
Such throwing of hats, what would ye have ?
Such cryes of joy, God keepe and save
Our noble Queene of England !

And then to bid her grace good night,
Great ordenance shot with pellets pight,
Fourteene faire peeces of great might
To teaze the foes of England.

Her Majestie went then away
To the Court, where that her highnesse lay,
And came againe on the next day
To Tilsburie campe in England.

The captaines yerly did prepare
To have their battell set out faire,
Against her highnesse coming there,
 To Tilsburie campe in England ;
And long before her highnesse came
Each point was ordered so in frame,
Which served to set forth the fame
 Of a royal campe in England.

The gallant horsemen mounted brave,
With stomackes stoute that courage have,
Whose countenance sterne might well deprave
 In fight the foe of England ;
The armde men, bowmen, and the shot
Of muskets and calivers hot,
None of these wanted, well I wot,
 In Tilsburie campe in England.
Fiftie ensignes spred there were,
Of severall colours fine and faire,
Of drums and phyphes great numbers there,
 In Tilsburie campe in England.

The battell plac'd in order due,
A mightie host, I tell you true ;
A famous sight it was to view
 That royall campe in England.
The hoast thus set in battell ray,
In braver sorte then I can say,
For want of knowledge to display
 So goodly a campe in England.

How the maine battell and the winges,
The vauntgarde, rearewarde and such thinges,
The horsemen whose sharpe launces stinges
In fight the foe of England.

The noble men and men of fame,
In duetie bound did show the same,
To waite when that her highness came

Our soveraigne Queene of England :
And she, being come into the field,
A martiall staffe my lord did yeelde
Unto her highnesse, being our shield
And marshall chiefe of England.

Then rode she along the campe to see
To everie captaine orderly,
Amid the rankes so royally,
The marshall chiefe of England.

What princely wordes her grace declarde,
What gracious thankes in every warde
To every souldier, none she sparde
That served any where for England.

With princely promisse none should lacke
Meate or drinke or cloth for backe,
Golde and silver should not slacke
To her marshall men of England.

Then might she see the hats to flye,
And everie souldier shouted hye
For our good Queene wee'l fight or dye
On any foe to England.

And many a captaine kist her hand
As she past forth through everie band,
And left her traine farre off to stand
From her marshall men of England.

Two houres she spent among them there,
Her princely pleasure to declare,
Where many a one did say and sweare
To live and dye for England ;
And would not aske one penny pay,
To charge her highnesse any way,
But of their owne would finde a stay
To serve her grace for England.

To my lordes pavilion then she went,
A sumptuous faire and famous tent,
Where dinner time her highnesse spent
With martiall men of England.

In the evening, when the tide was come,
Her highnesse thankt them all and some :
With trumpets shrile and sound of drum
Returnd the Queene of England,
To the blockhouse where she tooke barge ;
Their divers captaines had their charge,
Then shot the cannons off at large
To honour the Queene of England.

And thus her highnesse went away,
For whose long life all England pray,
King Henries daughter and our stay,
Elizabeth Queene of England.

What subject would not spend his life
 And all he hath to stay the strife
 Of forraigne foe that seekes so rife
 To invade this realme of England.
 Therefore, deare countrie men, I say,
 With hart to God let us all pray
 To blesse our armies night and day,
 That serve our Queene for England.

Finis. T. J.

London, Printed by John Wolfe for Richard Jones. 1588.

THE EXECUTION OF LUKE HUTTON.

A TRACT by Luke Hutton, of which there were two editions, the first without date, and the last in 1638, is very well known, and an account of it may be found in the Bridgewater Catalogue, (privately printed for Lord Francis Egerton) p. 149. Hence it appears also that Hutton was the author of an earlier production, called his "Repentance." He seems to have been a highway-man and housebreaker, who, being condemned and pardoned, dedicated an affected piece of contrition to Lord Chief Justice Popham; and on subsequent liberation, returned to his old courses, and was hanged at York in 1598. Whether what follows, or indeed anything that goes under his name, were really written by him is very questionable.

LUKE HUTTON'S LAMENTATION: WHICH HE WROTE THE DAY
 BEFORE HIS DEATH, BEING CONDEMNED TO BE HANGED
 AT YORKE THIS LAST ASSISES FOR HIS ROBBERIES
 AND TRESPASSES COMMITTED.
 TO THE TUNE OF WANDERING AND WAVERING.

I AM a poore prisoner condemned to dye,
 Ah woe is me, woe is me, for my great folly!

Fast fettred in yrons in place where I lie.
Be warned yong wantons, hemp passeth green holly.
My parents were of good degree,

By whom I would not counselled be.

Lord Jesu forgive me, with mercy releeve me,
Receive, O sweet Saviour, my spirit unto thee.

My name is Hutton, yea Luke of bad life,
Ah woe is me, woe is me, for my great folly !
Which on the high way did rob man and wife,
Be warned yong wantons, &c.
Inticed by many a gracelesse mate,
Whose counsel I repent too late.

Lord, &c.

Not twentie yeeres old, alas, was I,
Ah woe is me, woe is me, &c.,
When I begun this fellonie.
Be warned yong wantons, &c.
With me went still twelve yeomen tall,
Which I did my twelve Apostles call.

Lord, &c.

There was no squire nor barron bold,
Ah woe is me, woe is me for my great folly !
That rode the way with silver or gold,
Be warned yong wantons, &c.
But I and my twelve Apostles gaie
Would lighten their load ere they went away.

Lord, &c.

This newes procured my kins-folkes grieve,

Ah woe is me, woe is me !

They hearing I was a famous theefe,

Be warned yong wantons.

They wept, they wailde, they wrong their hands,

That thus I should hazard life and lands.

Lord, &c.

They made me a jaylor a little before,

Ah woe, &c.

To keep in prison offenders store ;

Be warned, &c.

But such a jaylor was never none,

I went and let them out everie one.

Lord, &c.

I wist their sorrow sore grieved me,

Ah woe is me, &c.,

Such proper men should hanged be,

Be warned yong, &c.

My office ther I did defie,

And ran away for company.

Lord, &c.

Three yeeres I lived upon the spoile,

Ah woe is me, &c.

Giving many a carle the foile,

Be warned yong, &c.

Yet never did I kil man nor wife,

Though lewdly long I led my life.

Lord, &c.

But all too bad my deedes hath been,

Ah woe is me, &c.

Offending my country and my good queene,

Be warned yong, &c.

All men in Yorke-shire talke of me ;

A stronger theefe there could not be.

Lord, &c.

Upon S. Lukes day was I borne,

Ah woe, &c.

Whom want of grace hath made a scorne,

Be war &c.

In honor of my birth day then,

I robd in a bravery nineteen men.

Lord, &c.

The country weary to beare this wrong,

Ah woe is me, &c.

With huse and cries pursude me long,

Be war &c.

Though long I scapt, yet loe at last,

London, I was in Newgate cast.

Lord, &c.

There did I lye with a grieved minde :

Ah woe is me, &c.,

Although the keeper was gentle and kinde,

Be warned yong, &c.

Yet was he not so kinde as I,

To let me be at libertie.

Lord, &c.

At last the shiriffe of Yorke-shire came,

Ah woe is me, &c.

And in a warrant he had my name.

Be warned yong, &c.

Said he at Yorke thou must be tride,

With me therefore hence must thou ride.

Lord, &c.

Like pangues of death his words did sound :

Ah woe is me, &c.

My hands and armes full fast he bound.

Be warned, &c.

Good sir, quoth I, I had rather stay,

I have no heart to ride that way.

Lord, &c.

When no entreaty might prevaile,

Ah woe is me, &c.

I calde for beere, for wine and ale ;

Be warned, &c.

And when my heart was in wofull case,

I drunke to my friends with a smiling face.

Lord, &c.

With clubs and staves I was garded then ;

Ah woe is me, &c.

I never before had such waiting men :

Be warned, &c.

If they had ridden before amaine,

Beshrew me if I had cald them againe.

Lord &c.

And when into Yorke that I was come,

Ah, &c.

Each one on me did passe their doome :

Be war &c.

And whilst you live this sentence note,

Evill men can never have good report.

Lord, &c.

Before the judges when I was brought,

Ah woe is me, &c.

Be sure I had a carefull thought,

Be &c.

Nine score inditements and seaventeene

Against me there was read and seene.

Lord, &c.

And each of these was felony found,

Ah woe is me, &c.

Which did my heart with sorrow wound.

Be &c.

What should I heerein longer stay,

For this I was condemned that day.

Lord, &c.

My death each houre I do attend ;

Ah woe is me,

In prayer and teares my time I spend ;

Be &c.

And all my loving friends this day

I do intreate for me to pray.

Lord, &c.

I have deserved long since to die :

Ah woe, &c.

A viler sinner livde not then I,

Be &c.

On friends I hopte my life to save,

But I am fittest for my grave.

Lord, &c.

Adue my loving frends each one :

Ah woe is me, woe is me, for my great folly !

Thinke on my words when I am gone.

Be warned young wantons, &c.

When on the ladder you shall me view,

Thinke I am neerer heaven then you.

Lord, &c.

Finis. Hutton.

Printed at London for Thomas Millington. 1598.

THE DEATH OF THE EARL OF ESSEX.

THE subsequent ballad, for obvious reasons, was not published until James I. came to the throne, though it would seem from the narrative that it had been written very soon after the melancholy event it celebrates. It gives some new, and probably then well-known, particulars regarding the Earl of Essex and his demeanour before and at his execution, which are omitted by Camden and other authorities. When Stowe wrote, he was afraid of enlarging upon the subject, and purposely left it to the "books thereof extant." Howes, in his continuation, was equally cautious, although without the same reason. Margaret Allde, for whom what follows was printed, was no doubt the widow of John Allde,

whom Dr. Dibdin names Mary, possibly from misreading Marg. in the registers of the Stationers' Company. (Typ. Ant. iv. 571.) The tune of "Welladay," to which the anonymous writer adapted his lines, is not mentioned, at least under that name, by Mr. W. Chappell in his "National English Airs."

A LAMENTABLE DITTIE COMPOSED UPON THE DEATH OF
ROBERT LORD DEVEREUX, LATE EARLE OF ESSEX, WHO
WAS BEHEADED IN THE TOWER OF LONDON UPON
ASHWEDNESDAY IN THE MORNING. 1601.

TO THE TUNE OF WELLADAY.

SWEET Englands pride is gone,
Welladay, welladay !
Which makes her sigh and grone
Evermore still.
He did her fame advance
In Ireland Spaine and France,
And now by dismall chaunce
Is from her tane.

He was a vertuous peere,
Welladay, welladay !
And was esteemed deere
Evermore still.
He alwaies helpt the poore,
Which makes them sigh full sore ;
His death they doe deplore
In every place.

Brave honor grac'd him still
Gallantly, gallantly :
He nere did deede of ill,
Well is it knowne.

But envie, that foule fiend
Whose malice ne're hath end,
Hath brought true vertues friend
Unto his thrall.

At tilt he did surpasse
Gallantly, gallantly,
All men that is and was
Evermore still.

One day, as it was seene,
In honor of his Queene
Such deeds hath ne're been seen
As he did doe.

Abroade and eke at home
Gallantly, gallantly,
For valour there was none
Like him before.

In Ireland France and Spaine
They feared great Essex name,
And England lov'd the same,
In every place.

But all would not prevaile,
Welladay, welladay !
His deedes did nought availe,
More was the pittie.

He was condemnd to die
For treason certainly,
But God that sits on hie
Knoweth all things.

That Sunday in the morne,
Welladay, welladay !
That he to the cittie came
With all his troupe:
That first began the strife,
And caused him loose his life,
And others did the like
As well as hee.

Yet her princely Majestie
Gratiously, graciously,
Hath pardon given free
To many of them.
She hath released them quite,
And given them their right ;
They may pray both day and night
God to defend her.

Shrovetewesday in the night,
Welladay, welladay !
With a heavy harted spright,
As it is sayd,
The leiftenant of the Tower,
Who kept him in his power,
At ten a clocke, that hour,
To him did come.

And sayd unto him there,
Mournfully, mournfully,
My lord you must prepare
To die tomorrow.

Gods will be done, quoth he,
Yet shall you strangely see
God strong in me tobe,
Though I am weake.

I pray you, pray for me,
Welladay, welladay !
That God may strengthen me
Against that houre.
Then straightway did he call
The guard under the wall,
And did intreate them all
For him to pray.

For to morrow is the day,
Welladay, welladay !
That I the debt must pay
Which I doe owe :
It is my life I meane,
Which I must pay my Queene,
Even so hath justice given
That I must doe.

In the morning was he brought,
Welladay, welladay !
Where a scaffold was set up
Within the Tower.
Many lords were present then,
With other gentlemen,
Which were appointed then
To see him dye.

You noble lords, quoth he,
Welladay, welladay !
That must the witnesse be
Of this my death ;
Know, I never loved Papistrye,
But did it still defye,
And Essex thus did dye,
Heere in this place.

I have a sinner been,
Welladay, welladay !
Yet never wrong'd my Queene
In all my life.
My God I did offend,
Which grieves me at my end :
May all the rest amend,
I doe forgive them.

To the state I nere ment ill,
Welladay, welladay !
Neither wisht the Commons ill
In all my life;
But loved with all my heart,
And alwaies tooke their part
Whereas there was desert
In any place.

Then mildely did he crave,
Mournfully mournfully,
He might that favour have
Private to pray :

Then he prayed heartely,
And with great fervency
To God that sits on hie
For to receive him.

And then he prayed againe,
Mournefully, mournefully,
God to preserve his Queene
From all her foes ;
And send her long to raigne
True justice to maintaine,
And not to let proud Spaine
Once to offend her.

His gowne he slipt off then,
Welladay, welladay !
And put off his hat and band,
And hung it by ;
Praying still continually
To God that sits on hie,
That he might patiently
There suffer death.

My headsman that must be,
Then said he cheerfullie,
Let him come heere to me
That I may him see ;
Who kneeled to him then,
Art thou (quoth he) the man
Which art appointed now
My life to free ?

Yes, my lord, did he say,
Welladay, welladay !
Forgive me I you pray
For this your death.
I heere doe thee forgive,
And may true justice live,
No foule crime to forgive
Within their place.

Then he kneeled downe againe,
Mournefully, mournefully,
And was required by some
There standing by,
To forgive his enemies
Before death closde his eyes,
Which he did in heartie wise,
Thanking them for it.

That they would remember him,
Welladay, welladay !
That he might forgive all them
That had him wrong'd.
Now, my lords, I take my leave,
Sweet Christ my soule receive ;
Now when you wil I prepare,
For I am readie.

He laide his head on the blocke,
Welladay, welladay !
But his doubtlet did let the stroke,
Some there did say.

What must be done (quoth he)
 Shall be done presently ;
 Then his doubtlet put off hee,
 And laye downe againe.

Then his headsman did his part
 Cruelly, cruelly.
 He was never seene to start
 For all the blowes .
 His soule it is at rest
 In heaven among the blest,
 Where God send us to rest,
 When it shall please him.

God save the King.

Imprinted at London for Margret Allde, and are to be solde at the
 long shop under Saint Mildreds Church in the Poultry. 1603.

FINIS.

And when the dawn came
 To the first light of day
 The sun shone out of the
 East and the world was gay.

The sun shone out of the
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Collier, John Payne, 1789-1883

Old ballads from early printed copies of the utmost rarity now for the
first time collected

London 1840

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